

MAY 7, 1881

# THE GRAPHIC

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 597.—Vol. XXIII.

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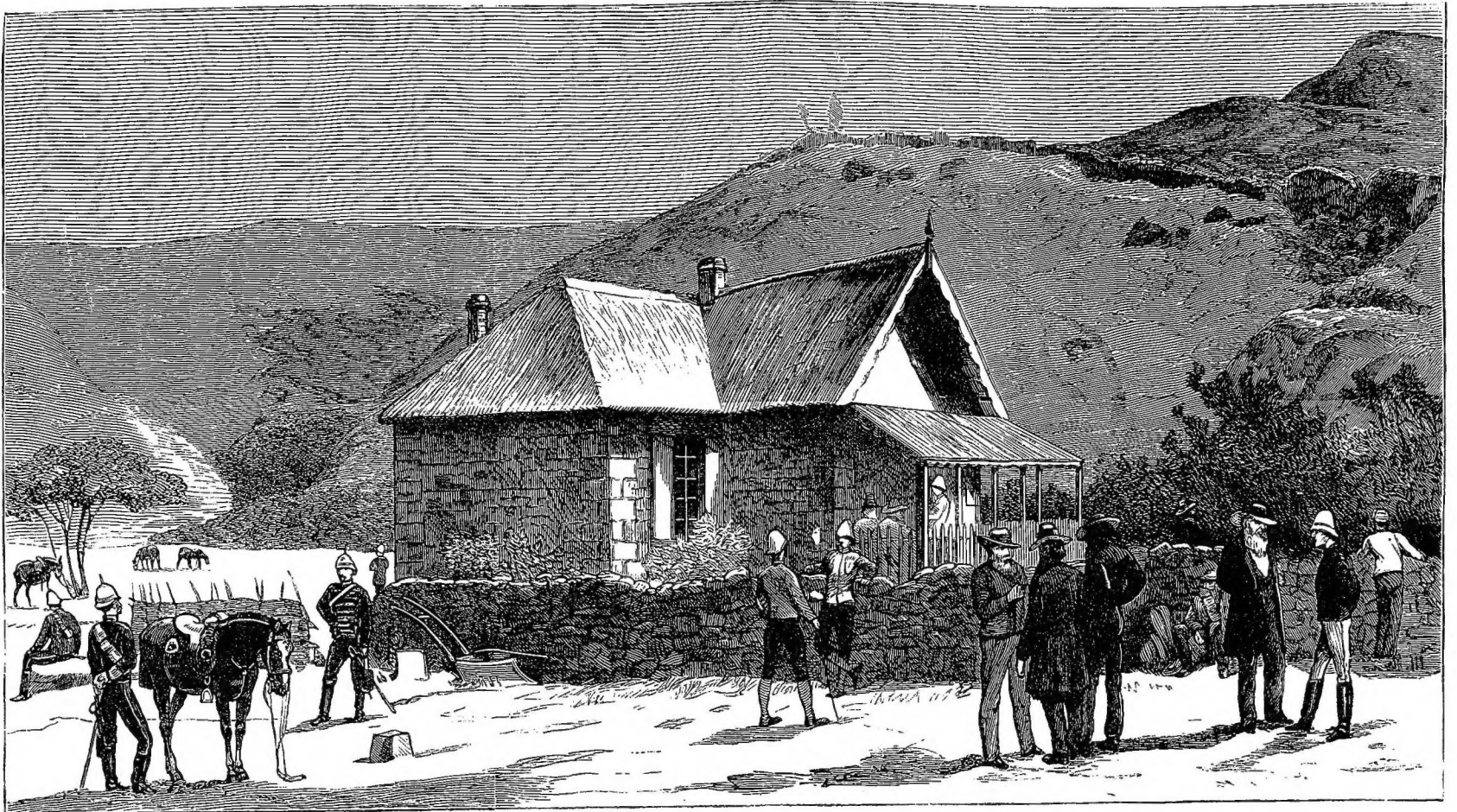
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SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1881

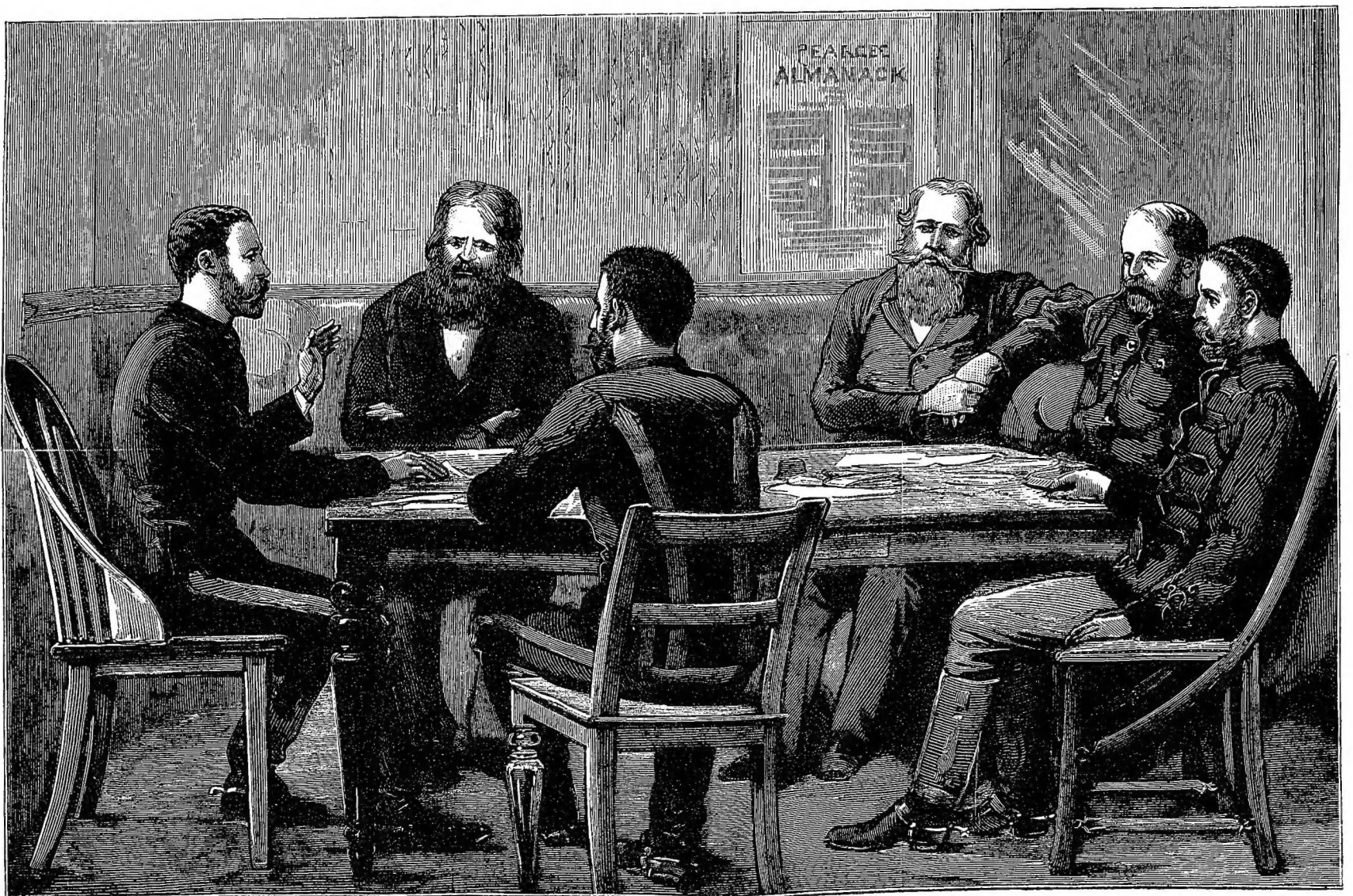
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General Sir Evelyn Wood

General Joubert

Col. Buller

Mr. C. Joubert

Major Clarke

Major Fraser

INTERIOR OF O'NEILL'S FARM-HOUSE—MEETING OF GENERAL WOOD AND GENERAL JOUBERT, MARCH 18

THE TRANSVAAL—THE PEACE NEGOTIATIONS BETWEEN GENERAL SIR EVELYN WOOD AND GENERAL JOUBERT

FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. C. E. FRIPP



## Topics of the Week

**REVIVAL OF OUTRAGES IN IRELAND.**—The alternate ebb and flow of agrarian violence is, in the opinion of some persons, directly traceable to instructions issued by the Land League. The tirades of that organisation (notably the inflammatory harangues of Mr. John Dillon against the iniquities of "landlordism") have doubtless strengthened the popular prejudice against the payment of rent, and hence have stimulated assaults upon process-servers and bailiffs; but while, on the one hand, we are loth to believe that the League possesses the all-pervading power implied in the above accusation, on the other hand, we cannot imagine that its members sympathise with such brutal and cowardly outrages as those reported during the last few days. It is worth noting that the victims were not wealthy landlords of alien creed and lineage, but, in almost every instance, poor men, of the same race, religion, and social standing as their assailants. We rather incline to blame the Government for this revival of outrage. The terrorism of last autumn, at which they looked on for many weeks with such culpable apathy, was checked at once by the mere rumour of a Coercion Bill. But when the agitators and sedition-mongers perceived that the Bill struggled very slowly through the House, that some of its most effective clauses were whittled away, and, above all, that it was put into action in a very half-hearted manner, only a few obscurities being cast into the terrible dungeons of Kilmainham, while the leaders in the lawless crusade were left at liberty—then they took heart of grace, and recommenced their old pranks. The recent conduct of Mr. Dillon, without doubt, justifies his arrest, but the penalty comes somewhat late in the day as a warning to the apostles of violence, while it may not improbably have the effect of imperilling the passage of the Land Bill.

**THE MONUMENT TO LORD BEACONSFIELD.**—There is a general feeling of regret that Mr. Gladstone's proposal for a national memorial to Lord Beaconsfield is not to be quietly accepted. Of course, Mr. Labouchere and his friends have as good a right as other people to express their opinion on the subject; but it is difficult to see the force of their objections. It is true that some Englishmen question whether Lord Beaconsfield conferred great services on his country, but might not the same be said of every statesman of the foremost rank? The fact may seem strange to Mr. Gladstone's followers, but still it is a fact that at the present moment powerful classes strenuously deny that even his influence has been wholly beneficial. Some Conservatives would contend that ever since Mr. Gladstone abandoned his original party his activity has been in the highest degree mischievous. If the extreme Radicals have this feeling about Lord Beaconsfield, that does not at all justify them in their present proceedings. Whether rightly or wrongly, the mass of the English people do not share their views; and surely good taste dictates that in regard to such a matter the minority should stand aside and let the majority have their way. That the monument will represent a genuinely national sentiment is certain. Many who support the scheme have no more sympathy than Mr. Labouchere with some of Lord Beaconsfield's principles; but a testimony of this kind is intended rather to honour the man than the statesman. Whatever were Lord Beaconsfield's faults, he had the qualities of greatness; during more than one generation his genius made itself felt in every department of our public life; and foreign nations saw in him the representative of much that is best in our institutions, our ideas, and our customs. If these things are not a sufficient reason for the proposed monument, what conceivable conditions would be deemed adequate?

**FRANCE AND TUNIS.**—The French Government does not, at all events, imitate our blunders. It does not send a force which on the Continent would scarcely be thought adequate to put down a street-riot, to fight a nation of highly-trained savages, or a body of colonists skilled in rifle-shooting. Indeed, the magnitude of the French force, and the elaborate preparations, are a little perplexing to bystanders. The bombardment of Tabarca was rather puzzling, for the victims who fell there were not naughty Kroumirs, but peaceable Tunisians with whom France is supposed to be at peace. And why occupy Biserta? It is part of a grand scheme, we are told, for surrounding the Kroumirs. It is to be a sort of human deer-drive on a large scale. A circle of armed men will be formed round these pestilent freebooters, the circle will gradually be made smaller and smaller, and then all the Kroumirs will be found in the middle, and will be compelled to surrender at discretion. Some fifty years ago, the authorities of Tasmania (then called Van Diemen's Land) adopted a similar plan for entrapping the aborigines of that charming island. An elaborate scheme was drawn up, the soldiers converged, and then found that they had succeeded in capturing—one decrepit old woman! No doubt the French will manage better, but as wars are apt to spread, and as British interests in Tunis are by no means so unimportant as some people suppose, we are glad to perceive that our Government has at last sent a man-of-war to the scene of action.

**MR. BRADLAUGH AND THE TORIES.**—The discussion in the House of Commons on Monday showed clearly enough that the difficulty about Mr. Bradlaugh is not likely to be overcome without a great deal of uproar. Whatever course Sir Stafford Northcote may decide to pursue, it is clear that some of his more hot-headed followers intend to resist with all their might the admission of one who professes atheistical opinions into Parliament. The Government are undoubtedly to blame in some measure for this unpleasant state of things. Had they attempted to dispose of the matter a year ago in a bold and frank spirit, it is improbable that their proposals would have met with much resistance; but now all sorts of obstacles are in the way—party spite, theological prejudices, and personal hostilities. A good many people are so indignant at the want of tact displayed by the Government that they can look at no other aspect of the subject; but, after all, the element to which attention should be mainly directed is the opposition which is being offered to one of the most important principles of modern life. Mr. Bradlaugh can hardly be surprised that he is disliked by men who have some respect for religion; but it is surely astonishing that in the last quarter of the nineteenth century anybody should wish to exclude him from Parliament because of his theological or his anti-theological doctrines. If he is to be kept out, at what point is the inevitable "line" to be drawn? Why should Christians sit in the same representative assembly with Jews, Protestants with Roman Catholics, Trinitarians with Unitarians, Churchmen with Dissenters? Close the door against Atheists, and persons belonging to any one of these classes might logically demand that it should be opened only to men with whom they happen to agree. The principle on which the present system is based is that opinion about religion should not in any case be a bar to the exercise of political functions; and it is much to be regretted that there are politicians to whom this plain fact is still obscure.

**THE LOSS OF THE "DOTEREL."**—During the last few years the Royal Navy has suffered in ships and crews losses which formerly would not have been deemed inconsiderable if the country had been engaged in the prosecution of a war. Every one will at once recall the names of the *Captain*, the *Thunderer*, the *Eurydice*, and the *Atalanta*. It is true that two of these disasters befel vessels of the old-fashioned, pre-scientific type, but at the same time few will deny that seamen on board modern ships of war run greater hazards than their ancestors of fifty years ago. Looking at the case of the *Eurydice* (and probably also of the *Atalanta*), it would be perhaps rash to assert that even ships thickly coated with armour are more liable to sink during a squall or after a collision than the "wooden walls" of former days, but there is one danger from which the old ships were almost free. They only carried fire for cooking purposes, whereas the use of steam involves a vast body of fire amidships. Then the torpedo, that regrettable invention, is a constant source of risk, whether in or out of the ship, as the recent accidents at Melbourne and Wilhelmshaven prove. Whether the destruction of the *Doterel* was due to a Chilean torpedo, to the gun-cotton which she carried, or to the explosion of her magazine caused by the bursting of a boiler, will perhaps be presently ascertained; meanwhile we can but deplore the loss of so many gallant fellows, and sympathise with their bereaved kinsfolk.

**ART IN ENGLAND.**—We have once more entered upon the season in which Art becomes the great topic of "Society." All the world is talking about the Academy and the Grosvenor, and Mr. Millais's portrait of Lord Beaconsfield helps many a shy youth over his first difficulties in starting a conversation with the lady who is entrusted to him at the dinner-table. No doubt there is a good deal of insincerity in the raptures which are now so commonly and so "consummately" expressed about Art; and sensible people are justified in laughing at the absurdities of Postlethwaite and "quite too too" æsthetic damsels. Behind all this nonsense, however, there is much genuine appreciation. It may be questioned whether at any previous period the popular interest in Art has been so strong or so general in England as it is now; and it is an excellent sign that this interest reveals itself not only in visits to galleries and in talk about pictures, but in numerous attempts to make the circumstances of ordinary life more attractive. People are beginning to see that there can be no good reason why the statues in our streets should be hideous, or why the streets themselves should not be brighter; and to understand that furniture is none the worse for being pretty as well as solid, and that even householders of limited means may, if they will, decorate their walls with good engravings, etchings, and photographs. It is hard to tell whether the movement will last, for John Bull is in some respects the most wayward of men, and is quite capable of storming to-day at what he vehemently admired yesterday; but we may at least hope that in this instance he will not be diverted from his good intentions by the extravagance of a few silly coteries. It can hardly be one of the eternal laws of things that as a nation we must always lag far behind our French neighbours in these matters. If they surpass us in the perfection of their prose literature, we surpass them in poetry; and a national genius which has excelled so brilliantly in the highest of all the arts should not be incapable of excelling in those of a lower grade.

**THE NEW FRENCH TARIFF.**—The chief difficulty of negotiating a Commercial Treaty with France is that we made all our concessions long ago, so that we have nothing, or next to nothing, to give—a fact of which Frenchmen are thoroughly aware. Then as, except in England, Democracy and Protectionism go hand in hand together, France is more Protectionist than she was when the Treaty now expiring was arranged. The Emperor was a staunch Free Trader, M. Rouher naturally followed the inclinations of his employer, while the vast Continental reputation of Mr. Cobden enabled him to obtain advantages which would have been accorded to no other Englishman. Circumstances now are altogether different, and we have to face the unpleasant fact that the French Chambers have passed a tariff of a thoroughly Protectionist character, which, by its substitution of specific for *ad valorem* duties, will interfere greatly with our export trade to France, especially in cotton and woollen goods. Of course Mr. Bright will say that the French people will be the chief sufferers by this foolish policy of exclusion. But if their exclusive policy causes us to suffer also, are we not justified in taking measures to make them abandon it? As observed above, we have no concessions in store wherewith to bribe the French; but we can put the screw on in another way if our legislators would but abandon the nonsensical notion that England must stick to Free Trade, whatever other nations may do. A retaliatory duty on brandy, wine, silk, and ornamental goods would inspire Frenchmen with more respect for Free Trade than all the publications of the Cobden Club.

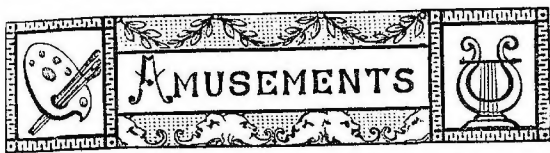
**PRINCE BISMARCK AND BERLIN.**—Prince Bismarck threatens to remove from Berlin the seat of the public bodies of the German Empire. The city does not please him; it is too Radical; and the Town Council, in imposing rates, arranges its schemes, he declares, in accordance with its political prejudices. Whether he will execute his threat, nobody knows; but it is significant that he has set aside the Bill providing for the erection of a new House of Parliament in the Königsplatz. If he is in earnest, the chances are that Potsdam is the town which he will select for new honours; and he could not make a better choice, for Potsdam is a quiet little place, nearer to Berlin than Versailles is to Paris, and with historical associations in which all Germans take a certain interest. Of course a loud outcry is raised against the Chancellor's plan; but a good deal might be said for it on other grounds than those which he has put forward. One of the most striking tendencies of the present age is to attribute an extraordinary importance to capitals. That even the greatest of them do not always dominate the political sentiment of the countries of which they are the centres was shown during the late General Election in England, when the nation pronounced decisively against the opinions that prevailed among "the governing classes" in London. But talent is unquestionably drawn more and more from provincial towns to capitals; and this is as true of Berlin as of London and Paris. Now, it may be doubted whether this tendency is altogether a wholesome one. It gives variety and brilliance to the life of a few great towns, but it does so at the expense of the rest of the community, which is apt under the new conditions to succumb too readily to the influences (always powerful enough) that "make for" tameness and commonplace. Those Germans who are not Prussians have an especially good right to complain of the predominance of any particular city. Germany has a number of towns which have for centuries given the tone to considerable districts, and the people of Saxony, Bavaria, and other little States naturally resent the airs of authority which have been assumed by Berlin since the establishment of the Empire. They, at least, would be well pleased to see the boastful "City of Intelligence" robbed of some of its attractions.

**A REVOLUTIONARY CONGRESS.**—"The headquarters of the Nihilist Executive Committee have at last been discovered by the Russian police." Such is the official announcement, but unfortunately this alleged discovery has often been made before, and it does not appear to prevent the conspirators from hurling their threats of vengeance at the head of the unfortunate inheritor of the murdered Czar's burden of responsibility. Some hope, however, that these mysterious plotters may ere long become visible to the eyes of mankind in general is afforded by the following paragraph which appeared in Tuesday's *Times*:—"Arrangements are being made for collecting the Socialists and Revolutionists of the whole world for an International Congress to be held in London on the 14th of July. The object of the Congress is to unite and organise the Revolutionary movement throughout the world." How kind of them to select London as their trysting place! It proves how fully convinced these ferocious ladies and gentlemen, who want to set everything topsy-turvy, are of the liberty-loving tendencies of John Bull. They feel sure that that amiable old gentleman will stand up stoutly for the "right of asylum," whatever Russia may desire, or Germany and Austria may be inclined to agree to. At the same time, if all the real firebrands come to the Congress, one cannot but feel that here is a splendid chance of making a big bag. Even if we refrained from sending them aloft with some of their own favourite dynamite, we might take them into custody, and send them on a prolonged sea voyage, till they had acquired some notions of wisdom and tolerance.



MAY 7, 1881

**AMUSEMENT LICENCES.**—Experience shows that places intended for the amusement of the public should be amenable to some authority, or gross abuses would arise, but little can be said in favour of the anomalous character of this authority as exercised in London. Theatres, properly so-called, are under the control of the Lord Chamberlain, whereas music-halls are supervised by the magistrates, and, on the Middlesex side of the water, are under an Act which was passed in the reign of George the Second, and which was avowedly intended to suppress certain savage and barbarous kinds of amusement which have long since become obsolete. The House of Commons undertakes so much work, and has so little time to do it in, that, in the smaller matters of legislation, it constantly neglects to carry out the advice of its own Committees. Fifteen years ago a Committee of the House recommended that the existing anomalies should be swept away, the oft-quoted Act of George II. repealed, and all places of entertainment, both in London and the provinces, placed under one responsible head. This sensible advice, however, has never been adopted, and hence we see a system, or rather, a no-system, of what Burke styled "geographical morality." That which is legal in Middlesex may be illegal in Surrey; a theatre must be closed in one street, though its rival is open in another. These observations are, of course, prompted by the concession lately made by the Middlesex magistrates for allowing religious services on Sundays and other Fast or Festival Days in music halls; a concession which, under a uniform system of control, would be rendered universal.



**LYCEUM THEATRE.**—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING.—On Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, May 9th, 11th, and 13th, at 8 o'clock, OTHELLO. On Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, May 10th, 12th, and 14th, at 7.45, THE CUP AND THE BELLS STRATAGEM. Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry.

**MISS MADEIRA CRONIN** will give a PIANOFORTE RECITAL at the ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC on TUESDAY EVENING, May 17. To commence at 8 o'clock. Assisted by Miss José Sherrington, Signor Isidore de Lara, and Signor Pezze.

**BERLIOZ'S SYMPHONIE FANTASTIQUE**, Episode de la Vie d'un Artiste. Owing to its enthusiastic reception at Mr. Ganz's first concert this great work will be repeated by general desire on SATURDAY Afternoon, next, May 14, at Mr. GANZ'S SECOND CONCERT at ST. JAMES'S HALL at 3. Tickets, 10s, 6d, 7s, 5s, 3s, and 1s, at the usual places, and of Mr. Wilhelm Ganz, 126, Harley Street, W.

**HORSE SHOW, AGRICULTURAL HALL, ISLINGTON.** Entries close May 23. Show open June 4, 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10. Prize lists and forms of entry may be had on application to the Office, Barford Street, N. (By order) S. SIDNEY, Secretary and Manager.

**MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.** A New First Piece, MANY HAPPY RETURNS, by Gilbert A'Beckett and Clement Scott. Music by Lionel Benson. A New Musical Sketch, OUR INSTITUTE, by Mr. Corney Grain, and a New Second Piece, ALL AT SEA, by Arthur Law, Music by Corney Grain. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday, at 8; Thursday and Saturday, at 9.—ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham Place. Admission 1s, 2s, 3s, 5s. No fees. Booking Office now open from 10 to 6.

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2nd Prize, Silver Medal; 3rd, Bronze. £20 GOLD MEDAL for the best Picture exhibited. Open to all England.

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- CLASS 5. Fine Arts, including Oil and Water-Colour Paintings. Open to all England.
- CLASS 6. Oil and Water-Colour Paintings and Drawings. Open to Students of any recognised School of Art or Private School.
- CLASS 7. Oil or Water-Colour Paintings. Open to Residents in Devon, Cornwall, Somerset, or Dorset. Each competitor will be allowed to exhibit three pictures.
- CLASS 8. Carving and Fret Work. Two Classes—Amateur and Professional.
- CLASS 9. Sculpture.
- CLASS 10. Preserved Natural Objects.
- CLASS 11. Ladies' Work of all kinds.
- CLASS 12. Musical Instruments.
- CLASS 13. Furniture.
- CLASS 14. Painters' Graining of Wood.
- CLASS 15. Photography.
- CLASS 16. Bicycles, Tricycles, and Sewing Machines.
- CLASS 17. China Painting.
- CLASS 18. Electrical Inventions.
- CLASS 19. Pen and Ink and Crayons by Amateurs.
- CLASS 20. Pottery.
- CLASS 21. Miscellaneous. This will include all objects not properly belonging to any of the other classes.

Further particulars may be obtained of the Secretary, Mr. T. S. MARTIN, Plymouth.

**THE ANNUAL SPRING EXHIBITION OF HIGH-CLASS PICTURES** by BRITISH and FOREIGN ARTISTS, including Professor Leopold Carl Muller's Picture, "An Encampment Outside Cairo," is NOW OPEN at ARTHUR TOWTH & SONS' GALLERY, 5, Haymarket. Admission One Shilling.

**ROSA BONHEUR'S** celebrated PICTURES, ON THE ALERT, and A FORAGING PARTY, which gained for the artist the Cross of the Order of Leopold of Belgium at the Antwerp Academy, 1879. Also, the complete engraved works of Rosa Bonheur, including the well-known "Horse Fair," now on Exhibition at L. H. LEFEVRE'S GALLERY, 24, King Street, St. James's, S.W. Admission One Shilling. Ten to Five.

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THE DEATH OF LIEUTENANTS MELVILLE AND COGHILL, 24TH REGT.,  
AN EPISODE IN THE BATTLE OF INSANDELWANA,  
Painted by Mr. C. E. FRIPP, Special Artist to "The Graphic" during the whole of the Zulu Campaign.

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### THE RECENT RISING IN THE TRANSVAAL

#### THE NEGOTIATIONS FOR PEACE

THE negotiations for peace between Sir Evelyn Wood and General Piet Joubert, the Commander of the Boers, practically began on the 6th March, when a conference was held midway between the two lines, and an armistice for eight days was concluded, this period being subsequently extended to March 23rd, when the British terms were accepted by the Boers. During this time Sir Evelyn Wood had numerous conferences with the Boer leaders, three of which, on the 14th, 18th, and 21st of March, have been depicted by our special artist, Mr. C. E. Fripp. The first-named interview took place, as before, midway between the two armies. The newspaper correspondents were ordered to remain three hundred yards in the rear. The conference lasted an hour, and it was decided to extend the armistice in order to give time for Mr. Kruger to arrive on the scene of action, and for the receipt of telegrams from England. With regard to his sketch of the meeting, our artist writes: "On the afternoon of the 14th, General Wood left the camp at Mount Prospect with Colonel Buller, Major Clarke, and other officers, to meet General Joubert half-way between the camp on our side. A tent was provided, carried in a mule waggon, but the Generals stood about fifty yards off the tent, aloof from those that accompanied them. Mr. Kruger should have been present, but owing to the bad state of roads and rivers it was impossible for him to arrive in time, and, as without him nothing could be done, the armistice was prolonged eight days to enable him to get there. General Joubert expressed a desire that there should be no more fighting." The next meeting, on March 18th, took place at a place called O'Neill's Farm. Messrs. Kruger and Pretorius, however, were again unable to be present, and arrangements were made for a further prolongation of the armistice to the 21st March, so that President Brand might be consulted upon Lord Kimberley's refusal to modify the proffered terms of peace. President Brand reached Newcastle on the 20th, and next day a meeting was held at O'Neill's Farm, at which time all the Boer leaders, including Messrs. Kruger, Pretorius, and Jorissen, were present. The conference lasted the whole of the day, and at one time it appeared likely that the matter would be settled that evening, but at a late period a difference arose, and it was agreed to prolong the armistice until the 23rd, when a final meeting was held, and the Boers definitively accepted the terms of the British Government.

#### BUILDING A CASK BRIDGE

THIS sketch shows a detachment of our troops throwing a bridge across the river Incauwe at Newcastle. The *modus operandi* is as follows. Firstly, several rafts are made by lashing a number of spars to empty casks, of which the buoyancy is sufficient to support the necessary weight, and then the rafts are placed in the river, and fastened to one another until the opposite shore is reached, and a complete bridge is formed.

#### A FLAG OF TRUCE

OUR artist writes: "Being desirous of climbing the Amajuba Hill to make sketches of the scenes of the last fight with the Boers, I went over to the Boer lines during the armistice to obtain the requisite permission with a companion, Mr. Day, who spoke Dutch. The vedette stopped us during our journey, and we had to wait for the requisite permission. The Boers were very civil, offering us roasted mealies for refreshment, which act of politeness we returned by offering them a drink of brandy, which liquor, they said, their general prohibited in their camp."

MR. H. L. DACOMBE

THIS gallant young gentleman, who is only twenty-five years of age, was the first to carry despatches from the outside world into Pretoria during the recent Boer campaign, when the Transvaal capital was closely besieged by the enemy. Mr. Dacombe left Kimberley on January 5th, and arrived safely at his destination some ten days afterwards, after a long and perilous journey. Endeavouring to pass through the Rustenberg district he was discovered, chased, and fired upon by the Boers, and in going round by Pilandsberg was compelled to run a similar gauntlet. At last he succeeded in reaching the Magielsberg range of mountains, and was again seen and fired upon. Here he abandoned his horses, and made his way on foot over the mountains, where he arrived on the 20th of January. He found great difficulty in entering the town owing to the vigilance of the Boer patrols, and on his arrival in the British camp was warmly welcomed, his news with regard to the promised reinforcements being gladly received. After three days' rest Mr. Dacombe left again for Kimberley, where, after hairbreadth escapes, he arrived in safety on February 5th—having traversed a distance of 1,100 miles in thirty days, through a difficult country, and beset on every side by a dangerous enemy.—Our portrait, which represents Mr. Dacombe in the costume in which he performed his journey, is from a photograph by J. Trim, Kimberley Diamond Fields.

### MAHOMET JEMALAL ALAM, LATE SULTAN OF SULU

SULU, Soluk, or Iola in Spanish, is the name given to a group of about sixty small islands, lying between Borneo and the Spanish possessions in the Philippine Islands. The principal island, situated in the centre of the group, which is thirty-six miles in length and twelve in breadth, is called Sulu. On its northern coast stands the town of Soog or Banawa, where the late Sultan resided until about five years ago, when he was driven into the interior by an incursion of Spaniards from Manila, who took possession of the town and fortified themselves therein. Their men-of-war soon afterwards seized some British and German trading vessels, and the result was that in 1877 those Governments interfered, a protocol was signed by the representatives of the three Powers, and the blockade was finally raised. In the following year the outbreak of a famine in the archipelago and the advent of a British company, who obtained from the Sultan a concession of territory on the mainland of Borneo, led the Spaniards again to assert their claims, founded, as they alleged, on ancient treaties with former Sultans of Sulu. Mahomet Jemalal Alam, with his people starving, his nobles disaffected, and his own spirit weakened by excessive indulgence in opium, was at last induced to sign a treaty acknowledging the paramount power of the Spaniards over the Archipelago. Recent advices state that the late Sultan has been succeeded by his son, who has accepted the Spanish Protectorate, and recognised existing treaties with Spain.

His late Highness was descended in a direct male line from the first Sultan of Sulu, one of the numerous Arab adventurers who in ancient times attained power in the Malay Islands. His mother was a Malay Princess from Celebes, an adjacent island. He was thirty-five years of age, and was endowed with pleasing and courteous manners, and considerable natural abilities, somewhat impaired, however, by his fondness for opium smoking.—Our portrait is from a photograph taken by Dr. Montano, a distinguished French savant, who has recently spent some time in the Philippine and adjacent islands, making ethnographical observations under the auspices of his Government. For the above particulars, and for a copy of the photograph, we are indebted to Mr. W. H. Treacher, the Colonial Secretary at Labuan.

### TEA GATHERING IN JAPAN

"THE tea plant," says Miss Isabella Bird, in her "Unbeaten Tracks in Japan," "with its cream-white blossoms and faint fragrance, is a pretty feature in the landscape. It is allowed to grow into broad bushes from three to four feet high, and its rich dark green masses contrast well with the reddish soil. Tea now grows all over Japan, except in Yezo, the northern island, and is largely exported to America. The water used for tea-making must not boil, and must rest barely a minute on the leaves, or the result will be bitter and astringent. The infusion is of a pale straw colour, delicate and delicious. The Japanese regard our habit of drinking a dark rank infusion of tea out of big cups, mingled with milk and sugar, as an indication of coarse habits."

### THE PAULO AFFONSO FALLS, BRAZIL

THE San Francisco River is one of the largest in Brazil, having a course of nearly 2,000 miles; but it is rendered unnavigable for any distance by numerous falls and rapids, of which those represented in our engraving, and which are about 200 miles from the sea, are the most interesting. Few travellers visit them, as the journey is long and tedious, though the monotony of the road is enlivened by multitudes of bright-plumaged birds, as yet safe from the depredations of the pot-hunter and feather-gatherer.

The first engraving shows the lowest fall on the south shore, at the point where it meets the main body of the stream. The united heights of the several falls are reckoned at 284 feet. The second engraving is taken from the rocks in front of the lowest fall, looking upwards to the falls of the main stream, which is divided, by rocky pillars, into five distinct bodies of water. But the savage beauty of the scene can only be appreciated by an eye-witness.

### "THE CHAPLAIN OF THE FLEET"

THIS NEW STORY, by Messrs. Besant and Rice, illustrated by Mr. Charles Green, is continued on page 449.

### REVIVAL OF THE COACHING SEASON

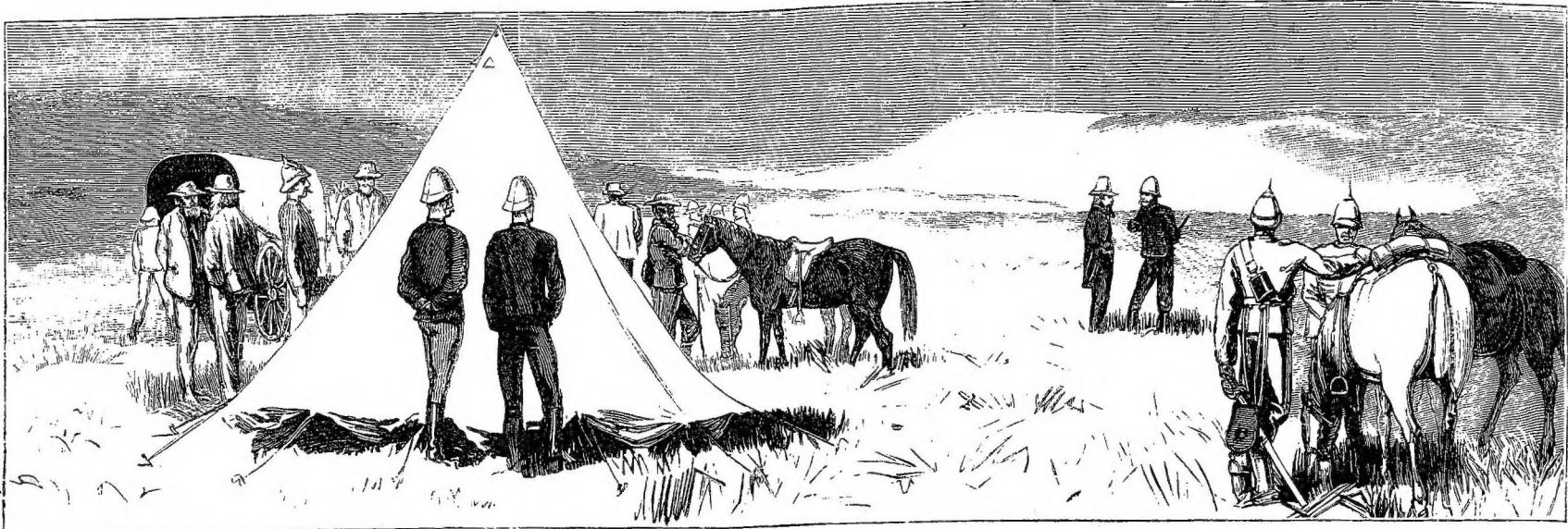
See page 451

### NEW ASSOCIATES OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY

THE LATE WILLIAM BURGESS, ESQ., A.R.A., the well-known architect and archaeologist, was a son of Mr. William Burgess, the engineer. He was born in 1827, educated at King's College School, and received his professional training in Mr. Blore's office, and subsequently in that of Sir D. Wyatt. Among his most important works are Cork Cathedral; Trinity College, Hartford, U.S.A.; the reconstruction of Castle Coch, Glamorganshire; the restoration of the Abbey Church at Waltham, the churches of Studley Royal and Skelton, in Yorkshire; the partial reconstruction of Cardiff Castle; the Hall of Worcester College, Oxford; the Speech Room at Harrow; the Grammar School at Ripon; and his own residence in Melbury Road, Kensington. He stood very high in the competition for the designing of the New Law Courts, and took an active part in the project for the redecoration of the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral; and his superb plan for the embellishment of the whole of the interior was a proof of his energy and genius. He was the author of numerous archaeological writings, and a frequent contributor to the *Builder*, the *Ecclesiologist*, the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and the *Archæological Journal*. At the time of his death he was engaged, in conjunction with the Baron de Cosson, in compiling an illustrated catalogue of the antique and mediæval helmets and mail which were last year exhibited at the Archæological Institute.

FRANCIS BERNARD DICKSEE, ESQ., A.R.A., was born in 1853, and, being the son of T. F. Dicksee, the artist had the advantage of an early start in Art life. He entered the Royal Academy School





Laing's Nek  
Staff of General Schmidt  
General Joubert  
General Sir Evelyn Wood  
THE PEACE NEGOTIATIONS—MEETING OF GENERAL SIR E. WOOD AND GENERAL JOUBERT, MARCH 14, MIDWAY BETWEEN THE BRITISH AND THE BOER LINES



BUILDING A BRIDGE OF CASKS ON THE INCAWE RIVER AT NEWCASTLE

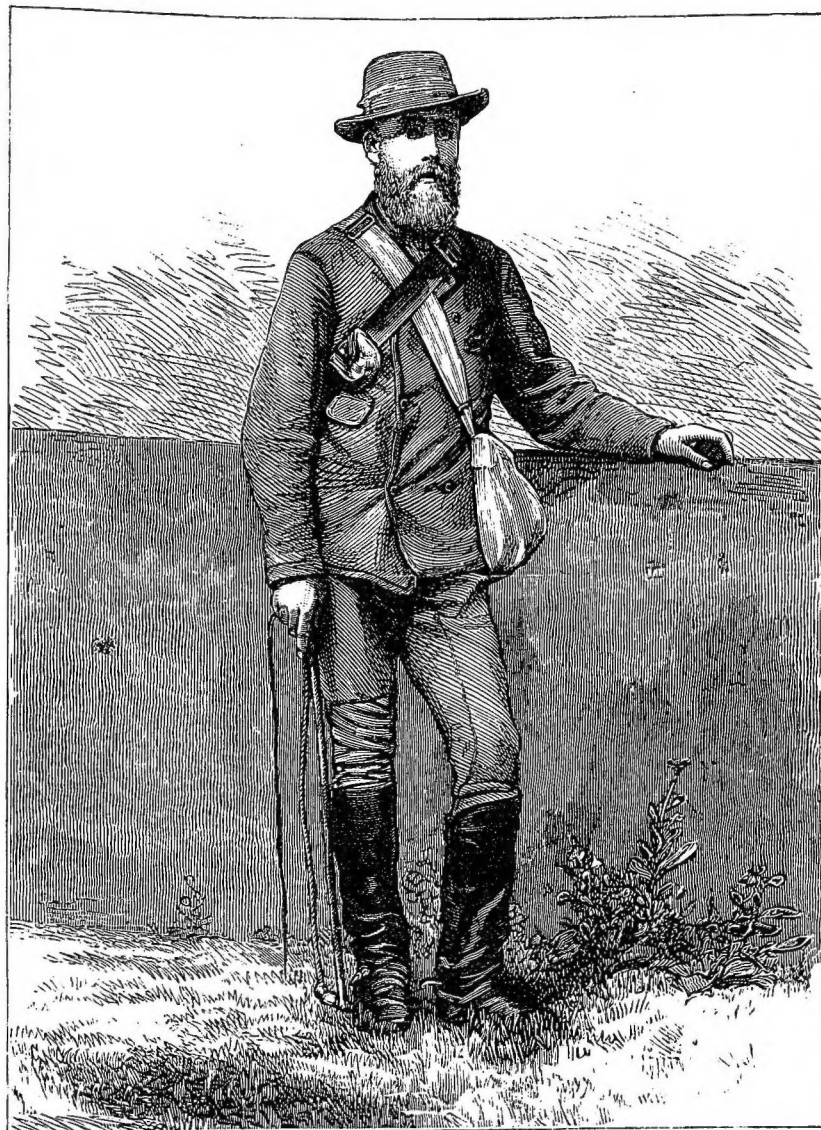


The Side our Troops ascended  
Majuba Mountain  
The Side the Boers attacked  
A FLAG OF TRUCE—OUR ARTIST ON HIS WAY TO THE BOER LINES  
THE RECENT RISING IN THE TRANSVAAL  
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. C. E. FRIPP

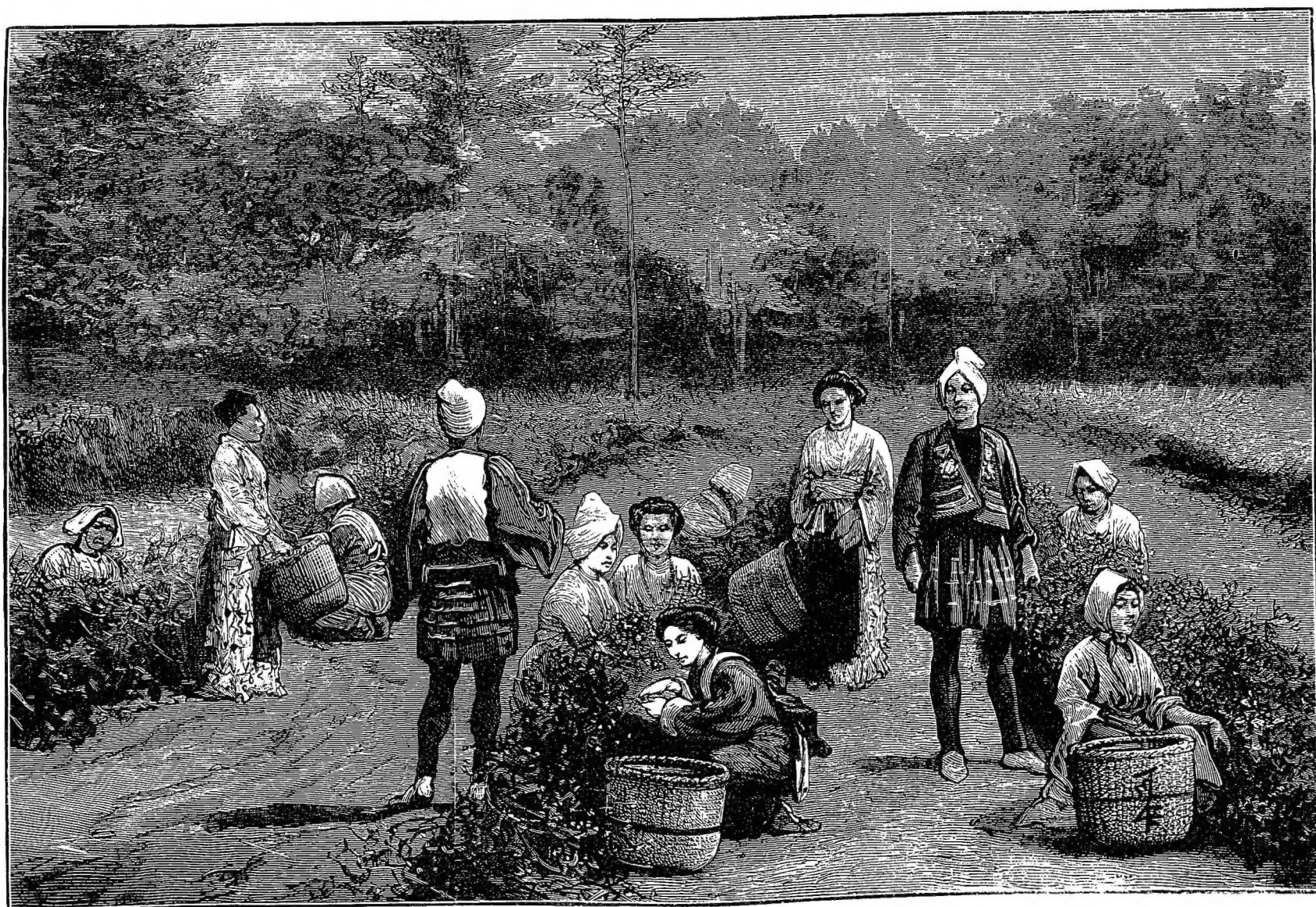




THE LATE MAHOMET JEMALAL ALAM, SULTAN OF THE  
SULU ISLANDS



MR. H. L. DACOMBE, THE BEARER OF THE FIRST DESPATCHES TO AND FROM  
PRETORIA DURING THE SIEGE BY THE BOERS



TEA GATHERING IN JAPAN



when seventeen years old, and took the Silver Medal for Antique drawing in 1872. He occupied his leisure in making designs for book and magazine illustrations, and also worked for some time with Henry Holiday, the decorative artist. In 1875 he took the Gold Medal for historical painting, when his fellow Associate, Mr. Thornycroft, carried off the Gold Medal for sculpture. He exhibited the Gold Medal picture ("Elijah confronting Ahab and Jezebel in Naboth's Vineyard") in the following year, 1876. He sent to the next Exhibition "Harmony" (beautifully etched by Mr. Waltner), which was one of the first pictures purchased by the trustees of the Chantrey Fund. In 1879 he exhibited a large picture of "Evangeline," and in last year's Exhibition he had "The House Builders," (portrait of Sir W. E. and the Hon. Lady Welby-Gregory), and a small head which he called "Benedicta," which is now being engraved by Mr. S. Cousins, R.A. He also contributed a "Type of Beauty" to the Graphic Gallery last year.

ANDREW C. GOW, ESQ., A.R.A., belongs to a family of artists. He is of Scotch parentage, but was born in London in June, 1848. After practising for some time as a lithographic draughtsman with Messrs. Maclure and Co., he studied painting under his father, and also at Heatherley's School of Art, Newman Street, and in 1868 was elected a member of the Institute of Water Colours. His first oil picture, "A Suspicious Guest," was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1870. This was followed by his "Introduction of Lady Mary Wortley to the Kit Cat Club," and "Sophy Badderley at the Pantheon." He has been a regular contributor to the Galleries of Burlington House since 1876, in which year he exhibited "The Relief of Lucknow." In 1877, two other war subjects appeared, "News from the Front," and "A War Despatch at the Hotel de Ville." In 1878 he sent "No Surrender" and "A Musical Story by Chopin." Last year he exhibited "The Last Days of Edward VI."

HAMO THORNYCROFT, ESQ., A.R.A., was born in London in 1850, was educated at the Grammar School, Macclesfield, University College School, and afterwards at University College, London. In 1868 he began to work in his father's studio, and has been engaged in Art ever since. In 1869 he became a student at the Royal Academy, and in the following year he carried off two silver medals in the Antique school. The Exhibition of the Royal Academy in 1871 was the first which contained a specimen of his (a bust of the late Dr. Sharpey). This attracted considerable notice, was executed in marble for the Exhibition of 1872, and was eventually placed in the hall of University College, where it now stands. In 1871 Mr. Thornycroft went for some time to Rome. In 1872 he assisted his father in the production of the Park Lane Fountain, several of the figures being entirely his work. "The Fame," in bronze, was his chief contribution to the Academy of 1873. He was next occupied, in conjunction with his father in carrying out the colossal equestrian medal for drawing from the life, this being the only instance in which a sculptor, competing with painters, has been able to carry off that medal, depending, as it does, purely on linear draughtsmanship. In 1875 Mr. Thornycroft was awarded the Gold Medal and a Scholarship of 50l. for his group of a "Warrior Carrying a Wounded Youth from the Field of Battle," which was exhibited in the Royal Academy of 1876. In 1878 he increased the circle of his admirers by his remarkable statue, in marble, of "Lot's Wife," a rigid figure of heroic size. In 1879 his principal contribution to the Academy was "Stepping-Stones," a young girl carrying her little brother over a brook, and last year a statue of "Artemis" and a bronze statuette of an "Athlete Putting the Stone."

Our portraits were drawn by Mr. T. Blake Wirgman, who was assisted in his work by photographs taken by C. Watkins, 1, Torrione Avenue, Camden Road, N.W.

#### BRITISH AMERICA—ON THE SOUTH-WEST FRONTIER

THESE views were taken by a member of the British Boundary Commission Staff some years ago, along the Boundary Commission Trail, which is now the great highway of the southern portion of the British dominions in the Far West. The line of the Manitoba South Western Colonisation Railway also follows this trail pretty closely.

Nos. 1 and 4 are views of Turtle Mountain, the first sketch showing the Boundary Survey Camp there. The mountain is so called from its resemblance to the shape of a turtle, but it is not so much a mountain as a high ridge of heavily-wooded land some 700 square miles in extent. It is about 150 miles west of the Red River. The soil is very rich, and the wild roses and pea-vines attain to the height of four or five feet.

No. 2 shows a Boundary Commission Train on the march through a well-watered country of mixed prairie and timber. The oak trees are clean and of good size, and present quite a park-like appearance.

Nos. 3 and 5 are views on the Souris River. In the stream is one of the famous Red River carts, put together without a nail or piece of iron of any description. Hence any mishap can be repaired by a bit of wayside timber or green buffalo hide. The prairie to the eastward of the Souris River was the favourite grazing ground of the buffalo. Their skulls and bones are extensively strewn over the prairie, and the "runs," or well-beaten paths made by the animals travelling single file, are still visible, though these primitive paths are now replaced by a broad well-beaten track, on which may be met in a day's travel perhaps 300 teams travelling eastward with wheat, or westward with household goods and agricultural implements. The railway will soon supersede this method of transit.

No. 6 shows the second crossing of the Souris River near the coal fields. This view was taken during a dry season, when the water was very low.

No. 7 is the same river again, showing the Boundary Commission party camped for the night.

No. 8 shows the first crossing of the Souris River. Here the stream is broader and the banks well wooded, although at the crossing itself all the medium-sized trees have been cut for fuel by the many camping parties who stay the night there. The water of the river is everywhere and at all seasons very sweet, the adjacent land is of excellent quality, and the scenery very pretty. Indeed, the fertility of the soil, and the liberal policy of the railway company in disposing of their lands, will soon attract a large population to this region (Southern Manitoba), which in beauty and variety of scenery is said to excel any other part of the North-West, whether British or American.

#### "PATIENCE"

PATIENCE (Miss Leonora Braham), "ye dairy maide," who has never loved, and knows not that æsthetic transfiguration so easily mistaken for indigestion, to the lament of twenty lovesick maidens, who in their transcendental delirium have no thought for their old loves, the 35th Dragoons, "fleshy men of full habit"—the "residium" of all that is good and beautiful. For Bunthorne—"ye fleshy poet" (Mr. George Crossmith)—has come over them, they have been idealised, and idolised him. He loves them not, but Patience; all else is hollow. To her he discloses that he is an æsthetic sham, not as bilious as he looks, but for her would cut his hair. She, untainted in the matter of love, save that for her great aunt, rejects him. He is broken-hearted and desolate,—

Oh, to be wafted away  
From this black Acidama of sorrow,  
Where the dust of an earthly to-day  
Is the earth of a dusty to-morrow.

Leaves her in dilemma: firstly, What is this love that upsets everybody; and secondly, How is it to be distinguished from insanity? The Lady Angela (Miss Jessie Bond) enlightens the poor blind

child; love is of all passions the most essential, the embodiment of purity, the abstraction of refinement, the idealisation of utter unselfishness. Horror-struck that this ennobling passion has not descended upon her, she determines not to go to bed until over head and ears in love with somebody. Remembers a very early affection,—

He was a little boy!  
Ah, old, old tale of Cupid's touch!  
I thought as much—I thought as much!  
He was a little boy.  
Pray don't misconstrue what I say—  
Remember, pray—remember, pray!  
He was a little boy!  
No doubt, yet spite of all your pains,  
The interesting fact remains—  
He was a little boy!

The child love returns in the person of Archibald Grosvenor, "The All-right" (Mr. Rutland Barrington), altered, indeed, in fifteen years, but, as he owns, "very beautiful," yet completely miserable, for 'tis his hideous destiny to be madly loved by every woman who sets eyes on him. Thus love is revealed to her—'tis Archibald. They will never part! They swear it! But horror! he is perfection, endless ecstasy to all who know him, to love him would be selfishness itself. Farewell! But happy thought,—

Though to many you would very selfish be—  
Hey, but I'm doleful—willow willow waly!  
You may all the same continue loving me,  
Hey, but I'm doleful—willow willow waly!

Bunthorne, heart-broken at Patience's barbarity, by the advice of his solicitor puts himself up to be raffled for. Is led to the sacrifice crowned and enwreathed in flowers. The Dragoons are wrath, but 'tis vain—they therefore show their indifference by a walk round,—for,

There's fish in the sea, no doubt of it  
As good as ever came out of it.

The rapturous maidens purchase tickets, and are about to draw for the prize, when Patience offers herself as his bride, for,—

A maiden who  
Devotes herself to loving you (Bunthorne)  
Is prompted by no selfish view.  
Exactly so.

Thereupon the rapturous ones file off with the Dragoons, when Grosvenor the Æsthetic, the Idyllic, the Infalible, arrives, and all fly to him.

"Ye faithful one," Lady Jane (Miss Alice Barnett), deplures (with the aid of a bass-viol) the fickleness of those who have deserted Bunthorne for Grosvenor; though "alone faithful to him will reap her reward. But do not dally long, Reginald, for I am ripe, Reginald, and already I am decaying. Better secure me ere I am gone too far!" The fickle crew now never leave Grosvenor. He expostulates, 'tis Saturday, and they have followed him ever since Monday. He would like the usual half-holiday, if they would allow him to close early. Their love is hopeless; remember the legend of the Magnet and the Churn:—

While this magnetic,  
Peripatetic  
Lover he lived to learn,  
By no endeavour,  
A Can Magnet ever  
Attract a silver Churn!

They leave him, and he is joined by Patience, anxious to know that he still loves her, but, as she is a good and pure woman, if he approaches her she will scream! Bunthorne, the deserted one, and the faithful Jane, who sticks to him like a shadow (a very substantial one), devise a plan to reduce the glory of the "sunny-faced idiot," Grosvenor. In the mean time the Dragoons, as a forlorn hope, discard their primary red and yellow, and go in for Early English, find it conducive to camp; but are declared by Lady Saphir (charmingly acted by Miss Julia Gwynne) "though quite too all-but," "indeed jolly utter," they may hope.

The Fleshy and the Idyllic meet, and the idyllic Grosvenor, under threat of a nephew's curse, succumbs, and consents to become

A commonplace young man—  
A matter-of-fact young man—  
A steady and stolid, jolly Bank holiday  
Every-day young man!

and Bunthorne, in triumph,—

A most intense young man.  
A pallid and thin young man—  
A haggard and lank young man.  
A greenery-gallery, Grosvenor Gallery,  
Foot-in-the-grave young man.

In his joy he will reform, his æstheticism shall be pastoral, Patience will henceforth love him not as a duty, but a pleasure—a rapture—an ecstasy. Oh horror! this would be selfish—they must part!—'tis too bad!

Archibald, discarding æstheticism, is followed by his adorers, for the "All-right" cannot do wrong.

Prettily pattering, cheerily chattering  
Every-day young girls.

Patience is shocked, but joy! she may now love the commonplace young man—and Bunthorne is crushed again! Jane would console him, but is claimed by the Duke; the rapturous maidens, now every-day young girls, return to the Dragoons,—

Greatly pleased with one another,  
To get married we decide;  
Each of us will wed the other,  
Nobody be Bunthorne's Bride!

#### SIAMESE SKETCHES

##### THE KING AND HIS BROTHERS, THE ROYAL PALACE, THE SUNDIAL

IN our issue of February 10, 1872 (No. 115), in publishing a portrait of the King of Siam, we wrote thus concerning His Majesty:—"The King was born December 21, 1853, and is the son of the late King, whose scientific attainments and cordiality to Europeans were equally well known. His present Majesty has already given proofs of enlightenment and vigour. He has abolished the partial slavery which previously existed, and has amended the laws relating to gambling—one of the most prevalent of Asiatic vices. Under the Siamese Kings the large and important city of Bangkok has been made a safe and commodious residence for foreigners."

Two years later, January 17, 1874 (No. 216), we published views of the coronation of the King, which took place in the previous November, when the capital city was the scene of gorgeous processions and illuminations. During the year before the King visited Batavia, Singapore, Calcutta, Bombay, and other places, being the first ruler of Siam who had ever ventured so far from home. The educational effects of this trip were displayed in various important ways; among others, in the erection of streets and squares in the European style, but with variations adapted to a tropical climate. The view of the Royal Palace which we publish to-day is a good example of modern Siamese architecture, and is, as a building, decidedly more attractive than certain other Royal residences within a thousand miles of Charing Cross.

Concern the portrait of the King, with one of his brothers on either side of him, we need only say that His Majesty has thoroughly fulfilled the favourable promise of his youth, and is the model of an enlightened constitutional ruler. The ardour which His Majesty displays in scientific research, and his liberal patronage of scientific men, are well known; and we may therefore fitly conclude this article by directing our readers' attention to our diagram of His Majesty's new sundial.

The "Royal Cylinder-Axis Sundial" was invented and perfected by Captain A. I. Loftus, His Siamese Majesty's hydrographer at Bangkok. The frame is in the form of a half shield, of cast metal faced with brass, on which the hours and minutes are engraved.

This is surmounted by a cylinder having a longitudinal slit in its upper side. To the cylinder is affixed a pointer, which, at its lower extremity, traverses the dial-plate from end to end, at the will of the operator. The dial is based on the principle that a ray of light travelling through space divides the earth into hemispheres in the direction of its polar axis. When the dial is placed in the meridian, and the pointer is moved so as to admit the sun's rays into the semi-darkened cylinder, its opposite end points to the hour and minute of *apparent* time on the dial. This requires to be corrected according to the geographical position of the particular country in which the dial is to be used. The time shown is from 7 A.M. to 5 P.M., and the plate is graduated to minutes. When the dial is once fixed in its normal position in the meridian, it will never require to be moved, whatever may be the position of the sun, whether vertical or in the north or south. For the correction of time in watches and chronometers this invention is invaluable, especially for use in the temples of Siam. The country is deficient in mechanics, and almost destitute of mechanism, and the dial needs no adjustment or repairs, and is unlikely to get out of order. This dial, which is erected in the gardens of the Royal Palace, was made in Hong Kong by a Chinese named Yung Gung, a skilful worker in brass, and is four feet in diameter. The frame is ornamented with various delineations of the Sacred Elephant, and the hours and minutes are shown in ornamental Siamese characters. A representation of the Royal Crown of Siam surmounts the hour of twelve on the dial-plate, and the fine and elegant tracings in brass which adorn this lofty superstructure would do credit to the most skilful artificer.—The photographs from which our engravings are taken are sent to us by Messrs. Read, Brothers, and Co., 13, Moorgate-street, E.C.

#### TORPEDO PRACTICE—JUMPING A BOOM

THIS engraving, which is from a sketch by Staff Commander W. P. Haynes, of H.M.S. *Monarch*, needs little description. It is well known that one of the means adopted to protect a harbour, a fort, or a man-of-war from the swift and silent attacks of torpedo boats is the employment of "booms," or huge pieces of timber, which are set afloat in the water in order to impede the progress of possible invaders. The means of overcoming these obstacles is shown in our engraving. The bows of the torpedo boat are protected by a kind of timber-shield; and then, an advance being made at full speed, the gallant little boat literally "jumps the boom," and proceeds on her mission of destruction. It is obvious that considerable skill is required for the successful performance of such a feat, it being necessary that the boat should strike the boom exactly at right angles, and as nearly as possible in the middle.

NOTE.—In our issue of April the 23rd, we omitted to state that our double-page engraving of the trial of the Nihilist assassins of the late Czar was from a sketch by Mr. John Beer, of St. Petersburg.



THE LOSS OF H.M.S. "DOTEREL."—On Tuesday news reached the Admiralty of the blowing-up of the war sloop *Doterel*, on the 26th ult., at Sandy Point, Straits of Magellan, from what cause has yet to be ascertained. Eight officers and 135 men are said to have been killed by the explosion, only twelve of the entire crew being saved. The *Doterel* was a new vessel, built and fitted out at Chatham. She left England in January last on her first voyage, under the command of Captain Evans, who, with the other survivors, will come home in the next mail steamer, Lieutenant Stokes remaining behind to investigate the cause of the terrible disaster. There will, of course, be a strict inquiry, which will probably take the form of a court-martial.

IRELAND.—The Roman Catholic Hierarchy have written to Mr. Gladstone, acknowledging the honest and statesmanlike purpose exhibited in the leading principles of the Land Bill, but appending a long list of alterations which they deem necessary to make it a satisfactory measure. The Premier has sent a reply to the Archbishop of Armagh, courteously but distinctly declining to alter the character of the Bill.—There has been a revival of outrages in the East, West, and South of Ireland, some of the atrocities reported being of the most revolting character.—The City of Dublin has been proclaimed—not a day too soon, by the way—Mr. Dillon, M.P., has been at last arrested, and rumour has it that Mr. Brennan, the Secretary to the Land League, will soon follow him to Kilmainham. The arrest has created little or no excitement in Ireland, and no one who has read Mr. Dillon's recent speeches can be at all surprised at it, although his friends affect to believe that the reason for his incarceration is that the Government fear the power of his opposition in Parliament to the Land Bill.

MR. BRADLAUGH AND THE OATH.—Addressing his constituents at Northampton on Saturday, Mr. Bradlaugh emphatically denied that the cause he championed would have been strengthened had he refused to take the oath; and in proof of his contention referred to the case of John Archdale, a Quaker, who refused to take the oath, and 150 years elapsed before Joseph Pease, another Quaker, was permitted to take his seat. He would fight the battle to the uttermost, and triumph, though the whole Tory horde might be arrayed against him, and he would not be a dumb man in Parliament, but would rip up the rotten Pension List, stop unjust laws, and prevent so-called Christian men from stealing the Transvaal.

THE PROPOSED NATIONAL MEMORIAL TO LORD BEACONSFIELD is likely to meet with some opposition outside Parliament, as well as from Mr. Labouchere's supporters in the House. The Committee of the Radical Union and one or two local Liberal Associations having already adopted protests against it. At Liverpool the Conservative citizens have held a meeting at which the abstention of the Liberals was strongly commented on, and it was resolved to appoint a Memorial Committee of Conservatives only.

MR. A. M. SULLIVAN, M.P., has withdrawn his name from the list of Vice-Presidents of the Democratic League of Great Britain and Ireland (which includes the names of Mr. Bradlaugh and Mr. Clemenceau), because, though willing to work with persons of widely differing religious and political views in uplifting the masses of the people, he declines to do so with persons who represent the most aggressive opposition to social, moral, and political principles.

A "LONDON AND COUNTIES LIBERAL UNION" is about to be formed for the purpose of more thoroughly educating and organising the Liberal electors of the metropolis and the Home Counties.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY BANQUET on Saturday was attended by the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, Prince Leopold, the Duke of Cambridge, the Prime Minister, Sir S. Northcote, and about 250 other guests. In responding to the toast of his health, the Prince of Wales made a feeling allusion to the death of Lord Beaconsfield. Mr. Gladstone, in his speech, dwelt on the intense earnestness of purpose which our artists exhibit. The health of Sir F. Roberts was enthusiastically drunk, and in responding, the General paid a high tribute to the devotion, courage, and gallantry of the army. Sir F. Leighton, responding to the toast of the President, proposed by the Lord Chancellor, gave a summary of the revision and extension of the scheme of education of the Royal



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Academy, which includes the institution of new prizes for the encouragement of the study of special branches of Art.

THE ROYAL LITERARY FUND DINNER was held on Wednesday, under the presidency of Mr. J. R. Lowell, the American Minister, whose speech was a happy admixture of humour and earnestness. General Sir Garnet Wolseley in responding for the Army spoke a good word for the private soldiers, who he said were merely what they were made by the officers, and were quite as well deserving of the fostering care of the nation. Among the other speakers were Dean Stanley, the Earl of Derby, Lord Coleridge, the Earl of Dalhousie, Lord Colchester, Viscount Enfield, the Solicitor-General, and Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P.

DEAF AND DUMB NEWSPAPER SORTERS are about to be employed in the General Post Office.



WHEN the House of Commons met on Monday, it found itself once more confronted by the Bradlaugh question. It had been arranged that on this day the Attorney-General should move for leave to introduce a Bill dealing with the question of the Parliamentary Oath. Some members on the Conservative benches had determined that, whilst they were impotent to prevent legislation on the question, as much delay as possible should be interposed between its inception and its accomplishment. During question time several indications of the warm feeling which existed were manifested to the left of the Speaker. Mr. Bradlaugh himself was present, as he is with unvarying regularity. The particular status he holds, according to the ruling of the Speaker, is that of a member duly elected, but not yet sworn. It is the habit of gentlemen holding this intermediate position to enter the House by the door through which only members may pass. Pending the completion of the ceremony by which they take their seats, they do not advance beyond the bar, but remain seated on the benches under the Gallery. Here, when he is not, as Lord Randolph puts it, having a romp with the Sergeant-at-Arms, Mr. Bradlaugh sits attentive to the debate, prepared for any emergency that may arise.

On Monday Mr. Charles Lewis showed a disposition to take the lead of the Opposition out of the hands of Lord Randolph Churchill, by giving notice of an amendment to the motion of the Attorney-General for leave to introduce a Bill dealing with the Parliamentary Oath. In the preliminary skirmish Lord Randolph Churchill resumed the position taken up last Session, and, opposing the formal motion for the postponement of the Orders, bitterly descanted upon the iniquities of Mr. Bradlaugh and the connivance of Mr. Gladstone. Of the two, perhaps Lord Randolph Churchill was the more angry with the Premier, at whom he personally directed his remarks, Mr. Gladstone being in the meanwhile deeply absorbed in reading a paper. Mr. Onslow shared Lord Randolph Churchill's horror at the apprehension of admitting Mr. Bradlaugh, whether by the portal of the Oath or the Affirmation. But, on the question of accomplices on the Treasury Bench, Mr. Onslow differed from his noble friend.

Sir Stafford Northcote introduced a new tone into the debate, by turning to consider the question actually before the House. The proposal was that the ordinary course of procedure should be taken, and that leave should be given to introduce the Bill, so that it might be printed forthwith, and that members might have in their hands an opportunity of considering its provisions. Sir Stafford Northcote saw no objection to this, though he took objection to the further suggestion than on the following day a morning sitting should be held, at which the Bill should be further considered. Mr. Gladstone had evidently heard something of Lord Randolph Churchill's remarks, absorbed as he appeared to be in the consideration of the documents he had held in his hand whilst the noble lord was girding at him. He now replied to the charge that for what had taken place a temporary majority of the House was responsible, not members of the Government, who had been anxious to have the matter settled in another way. In proposing to legislate they were simply taking the only alternative course after the vote of the previous evening, and were specifically adopting a suggestion urged upon them last Session by members of the Opposition, notably by Sir Richard Cross.

When the storm seemed about to lull, Mr. Charles Lewis rose, and commenced an harangue of a familiar kind. The House showing some disinclination to hear him, Mr. Lewis took the course with which Mr. Biggar was in palmier days wont to compel attention. He threatened to move the adjournment, and as this threat did not have the desired effect he fulfilled it, though in his haste he moved the adjournment of the House instead of the debate. On this the division was taken, all the principal Conservatives going into the lobby with the Government, leaving Mr. Lewis with a following of forty-three Irreconcilables. After this manifestation against Obstruction, the discussion cooled down, and presently flickered out. Mr. Gladstone's formal motion, that the proceedings of the day subsequent to the Second Reading of the Land Bill should be postponed until after the Attorney-General had introduced the Oath Bill, was agreed to. Later in the evening, after running fresh risk from the interposition of the Irish Members, irate at the arrest of Mr. Dillon, Sir Henry James brought in his Bill, which simply provides that a duly-elected member may take the Oath or make the affirmation as his conscience dictates.

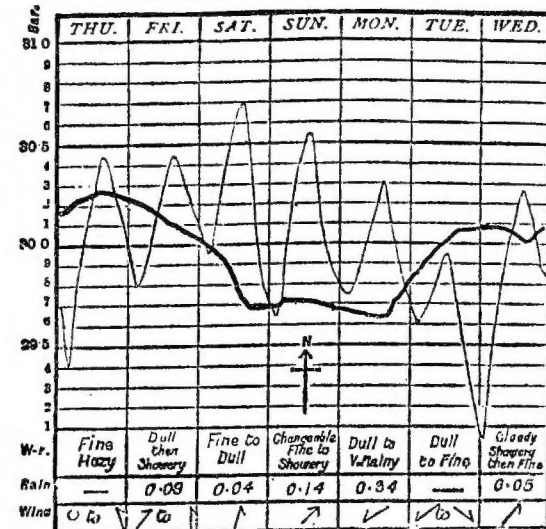
After this the House took up the discussion of the Land Bill, with which it was engaged till shortly after midnight, when the adjournment was moved in order to bring in the Oaths Bill. The proceedings of the evening partook of the characteristic which has marked the debate since its opening. It is possible that in the closing hours the discussion may flash up, and there may be displayed some speeches and some spirit worthy of the occasion. Up to the present date these accessories of a first-class debate are conspicuously absent. This is obviously due to the feeling in the House that the issue of the debate is a foregone conclusion. On the Ministerial side no rift has shown itself which, threatening to widen, would presently make the Ministerial music mute. Even the Whigs, from whom great things were expected, have remained dumb. The Conservatives, being numerically in a hopeless minority, have no fulcrum on which to work the lever of dissension. Of course they do not like the Bill, and would gladly throw it out. But even in their own ranks there is a lack of unanimity. The Ulster Tories dare not, as they value their seats, make any hostile movement against the Bill. Some Conservatives, unfettered by these special restrictions, admit that the Bill is a bold, statesmanlike effort to deal with the great question which for the benefit of every one, not least of the landlords, should be solved. In face of this combination of untoward circumstances, the Leaders of the Opposition find it difficult to move. After a conference with the party, Lord John Manners gave notice of an amendment which condemned the Ministerial measure on various grounds, and somewhat vaguely indicated "the development of industrial resources" as the true panacea for the woes of Ireland. This was scarcely placed on the paper before it was tacitly abandoned, and at present it is arranged that if a division takes place it should be on an amendment simply condemning the Bill. Of this Lord Elcho is the sponsor, the Leaders of the Opposition taking no responsibility. All this serves to give an air of unreality to the debate, which possesses precisely the measure of thrilling interest that is to be got out of a sham fight, in which the attacking forces

have not quite made up their minds on what basis they should manoeuvre.

Late on Monday night there were signs of a breaking-forth of the long quiescent forces of the Irish party. News had reached the House that Mr. John Dillon had been arrested, and Mr. Parnell felt it incumbent upon him to make some sign. It was a very half-hearted demonstration. The Speaker interposed on a point of order, and after a brief struggle Mr. Parnell retired, and the business of the House proceeded. This is not a kind of rebuff that would have been submitted to a few months ago, and people in search of explanation find it in the alleged fact that Mr. Dillon's arrest is not altogether so unpalatable to his colleagues at Westminster as it might appear to be. His presence in Ireland, during the dangers of the Coercion Act, where he has carried on with an undaunted spirit the fight "agin the Government," could not fail to be a silent reproach to his colleagues, who carefully eschew visits to proclaimed districts in Ireland, and do not even defy authority in the safe precincts of Westminster.

Tuesday was a quiet, uneventful night, the principal business being the discussion of a motion introduced by Mr. Blennerhasset for the abolition of the law of distress in respect of agricultural holdings in England, Wales, and Ireland. After a long discussion the motion was carried without a division, the "previous question," moved by Mr. Davenport, having been negatived. Wednesday was another dull day, though not without practical result, since the Welsh Sunday Closing Bill was carried by a large majority.

## WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK APRIL 28 TO MAY 4 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The changes in the weather this week have been as follows:—At the commencement of the period there was an anticyclone lying over our south-western coasts, but on Friday (29th ult.) the high pressure system moved east-south-eastward to France, and depressions began to appear to the westward of Ireland. Some of these disturbances passed north-eastward up the western coasts of Ireland and Scotland, and caused little rain in the neighbourhood of London, but others came in an almost due easterly direction across the country, and gave us very rainy and more unsettled weather. This was especially the case with those which appeared on Sunday and Monday (1st and 2nd inst.). On Tuesday (3rd inst.) the last of the series had passed away eastward, and the wind, which had formerly been south-westerly, veered to the north or north-east generally, while the weather improved considerably. The change was, however, very temporary, as on Tuesday night (3rd inst.) a new series of disturbances had appeared on our north-western coasts, and on Wednesday (4th inst.) the wind had returned to south-west or west, with duller weather. Temperature has varied with the changing winds, but has at no time been very high, and on Tuesday (3rd inst.), when a decided breeze from the north-east was prevailing, the maximum registered was only 49 deg., with a slight frost at night. The barometer was highest (30.28 inches) on Thursday (28th ult.); lowest (29.62 inches) on Monday (2nd inst.); range, 0.66 inches. Temperature was highest (64 deg.) on Saturday (30th ult.); lowest (31 deg.) on Wednesday (4th inst.); range, 33 deg. Rain fell on four days. Total amount, 0.66 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.34 inches, on Monday (2nd inst.).

LORD SHAFTESBURY'S EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY.—On Thursday last week the Earl of Shaftesbury attained the venerable age of eighty, and no more appropriate acknowledgment of the immense amount of good which he has achieved during his long life could well be imagined than that which was accorded to him that day by the crowded assembly in the Guildhall, the representatives of the thousands, nay, tens of thousands, who have been and are yet to be benefited by his exertions in a multitude of philanthropic movements during a long life of almost unparalleled activity and benevolence. The scion of a noble family, he passed with credit and honour through the University of Oxford, and, before succeeding to the peerage on the death of his father in 1851, had been a member of the House of Commons for about a quarter of a century, during which time he laboured earnestly in many ways for the amelioration of the condition of the working classes. In the face of strong opposition he carried the Ten Hours' Bill for shortening the daily toil of children in mines and factories, supported Peel in his Free Trade policy, and laboured incessantly, with voice, pen, and purse, in forwarding numerous educational and philanthropic schemes. The greater part of his beneficent work was accomplished before the present generation came into existence, and it is difficult for us to realise the fact that only forty years ago women, and young children of both sexes, were made to work in coal-mines like beasts of burden, crawling along the damp and dreary passages upon their hands and knees, and dragging heavy loads of coal by means of chains fastened around their bodies; the only limit to their labour being their powers of endurance. To the Earl of Shaftesbury—then Lord Ashley—the nation owes its release from this foul blot upon its boasted civilisation; the Bill which he introduced having altogether abolished female labour in mines, and regulated the employment of children in accordance with the dictates of humanity. His more recent efforts both in Parliament and in the outer world in connection with such admirable institutions as the Ragged School Union, the Shoe Black Brigade, the Flower Girl Mission, the Young Men's Christian Association, and a hundred other schemes for the elevation of the working classes, and the rescue of the young of both sexes from the ranks of crime and degradation are more fresh in our memories, and all must admit that the record of his well-spent life reflects an honour upon him, which far outshines the inherited nobility which was handed down to him by his forefathers. The meeting at the Guildhall was organised by the Committee of the Ragged School Union, of which his lordship is President, and the chair was taken by the Lord Mayor, who presented to him a full length portrait of himself, painted by Mr. B. S. Marks, and subscribed for by the children and teachers of Ragged Schools in sums varying from one farthing to a guinea; together with an illuminated address, testifying in grateful terms to the distinguished services which he had rendered to the nation during more than half a century of unceasing devotion to the cause of humanity. Such a presentation must have been peculiarly acceptable to a man of his large sympathies and kindness of heart, and we feel sure that all will join in the wish expressed by the Lord Mayor, that his lordship (who, judging from the active part which he still takes in the various good works with which he has identified himself, is in wonderfully robust health considering his great age) may live for many years to enjoy the universal esteem and affection which he has won.



"KNIGHTS OF THE SEPULCHRE" is the euphuistic Transatlantic term for undertakers.

A COACH BETWEEN LIVERPOOL AND YORK will probably be started this year. The journey will occupy eleven hours.

"BATTLE," "MURDER," AND "SUDDEN DEATH" are the society names of three fair sisters in New York, whose charms are particularly killing.

"OPPORTUNIST MAUVE" is the favourite spring tint in Paris, so-called from its indefinite hue, which contains a little of all shades of violet, just as some politicians borrow from every shade of opinion.

MILLET'S "ANGELUS," which excited so much competition at the late sale of the Wilson Gallery in Paris, has already changed hands, being resold for 8,000*fr.*—1,400*fr.* more than was paid at the Wilson sale.

AN EXHIBITION OF INDIAN ART is to be held shortly at Calcutta in order to encourage purely native design and workmanship, which are in no small danger of losing their national characteristics by the imitation of English productions.

THE PANTHEON AT ROME will in future show to much greater advantage, as the little houses on each side are to be pulled down, and a large space opened round the edifice. The hint might well be taken in other cities, where public monuments are only too frequently crowded round by insignificant buildings.

TWO NEW SPECIES OF SNAILS have been discovered near Predvor, in Carniola, by two Austrian savants, Herren Robic and Clessen. The creatures are eyeless, and live in total darkness, inhabiting water flowing slowly underground. They have been christened *Vitrinella*, and one of the species, being very slender, bears the additional term, *gracilis*.

THEATRICAL PROPERTY IN PARIS is a profitable investment, to judge from a statement in the *Parisian*. Thus the shares in the Palais Royal Theatre, which were worth 40*fr.* when first issued fifty years ago, now represent twelve times that sum. The shares at the Variétés, issued at 400*fr.* are now valued at 1,400*fr.*, and the shareholders of the Bouffes-Parisiens have just received a dividend of 70 per cent.

THE SCULPTURE GALLERIES OF THE PARIS LOUVRE are so damp that the authorities have grown very uneasy about the condition of the statuary—more particularly in the Halls of the Venus of Milo, of the Caryatides, and of Melpomene. None of the galleries are constructed over cellars, and the most powerful heating apparatus has been found powerless against the damp, so vaults are to be excavated at once to remedy the evil.

GERMAN THEATRES seem to have escaped the fire-fend better than the play-houses in other countries. The oldest theatre in Germany is that at Lüneburg in Hanover, built in 1740, next comes the Wiener Burg in Vienna, 1742, the Leipzig City Theatre and the Mannheim Court Theatre, dating from 1766 and 1777, while theatres at Augsburg and Pressburg, two in Vienna, and one at Frankfurt were also erected during the last century.

A CURIOUS ART EXHIBITION recently took place in New York. Relays of artists threw off rapid sketches in oil, water-colour, or charcoal, or modelled small statuettes in a given time, before a large number of spectators. Thus in forty-five minutes one painter finished a landscape with an old mill, figures, and cattle; another portrayed a duck and her brood; while a sculptor executed a *bas-relief* of Cupid and Psyche, the works being sold for a charitable purpose, and one fetching as much as 15*fr.*

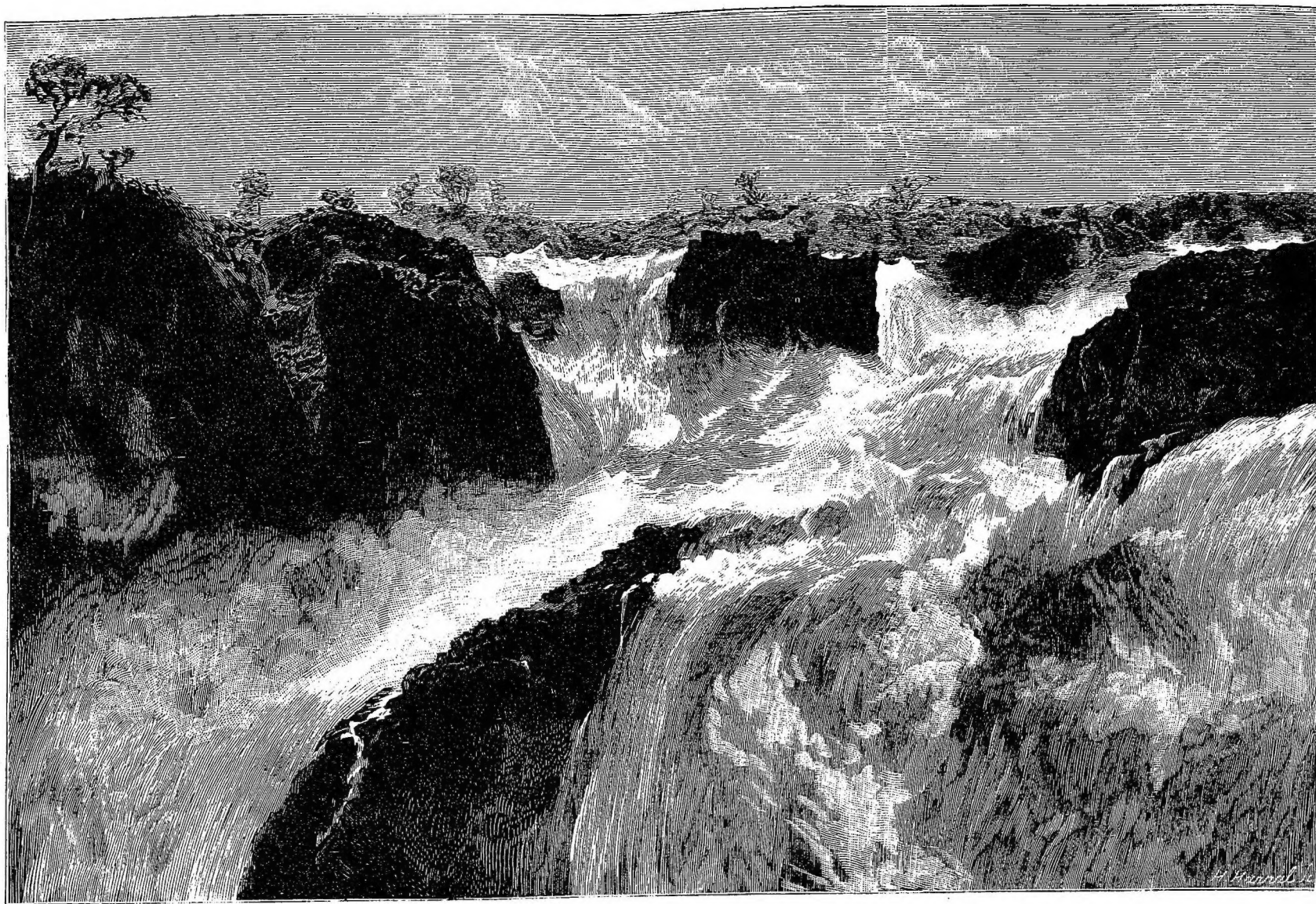
TRICYCLE RIDING FOR LADIES is certainly gaining favour in England, but it seems as though a writer in the *Albany Sunday Press* had worn very strong multiplying glasses when he describes as a common sight in Regent Street "a score of ladies on tricycles, attended by as many flunkies in white belts and breeches, riding down the roadway in double file, a similar turn-out being seen in the Strand. Ladies in London now ride out on tricycles with a groom on another behind them, just as they go out for horseback exercise."

EMPEROR WILLIAM OF GERMANY'S FAVOURITE DISH is asparagus, and the Emperor loses no opportunity of partaking of his pet dainty. Lately, however, according to the *American Register*, whenever asparagus has been served at the Berlin Schloss, the Emperor has complained of a soapy flavour, declaring that the vegetable never tasted of soap elsewhere. For a long time the cause remained a mystery. At last, however, it was found out that owing to the Castle kitchen being some distance from the dining-hall the dishes were carried across a yard in covered baskets, the asparagus in particular being carefully kept warm by an extra supply of hot dinner-napkins. These napkins are washed in household soap, and the asparagus, aided by the heat, soon acquired a soapy taste from its brief contact, so that the Emperor, who was helped first, and took the top portion, had the full benefit of the soap.

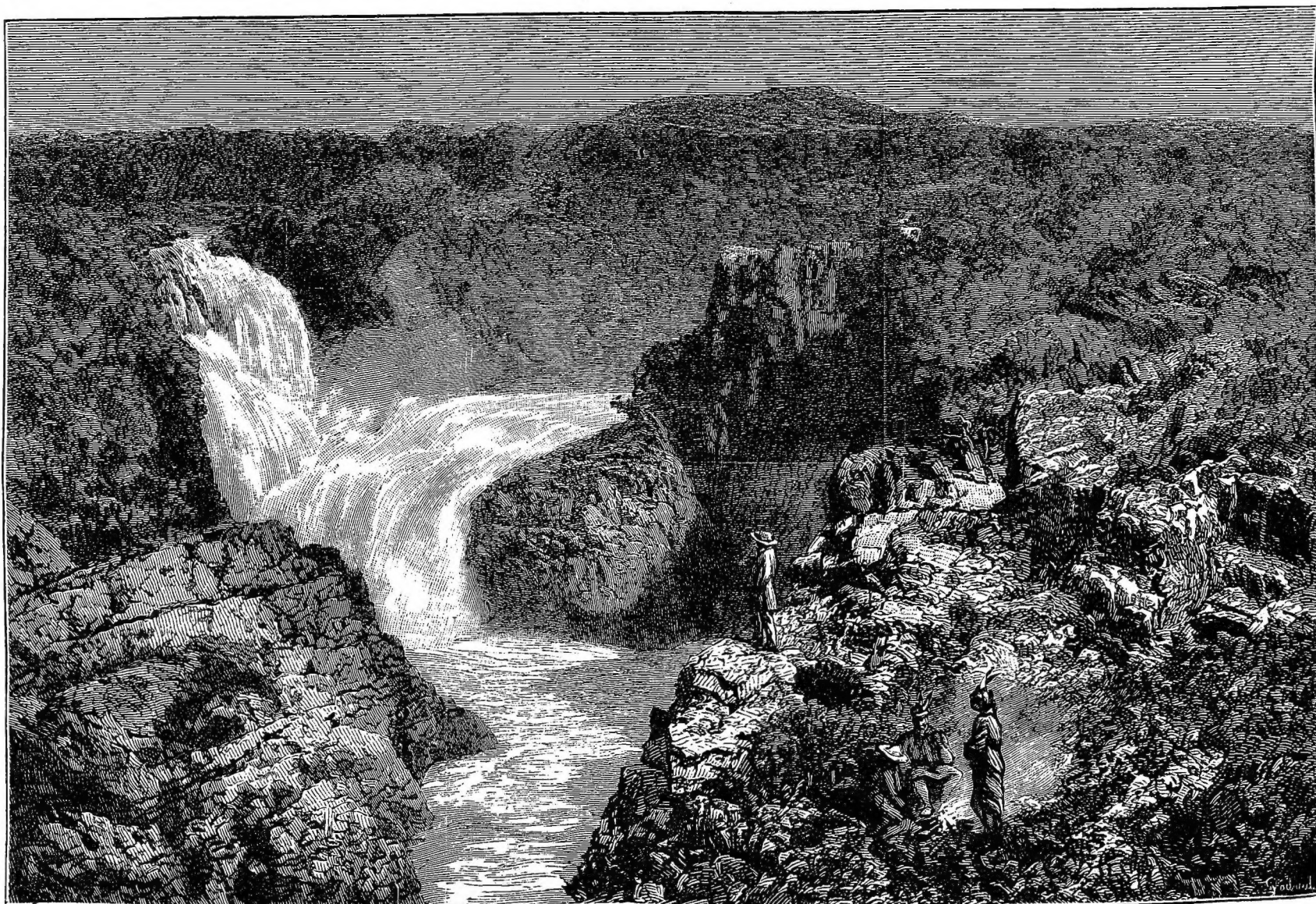
LONDON MORTALITY again decreased last week, and 1,550 deaths were registered against 1,600 during the previous week, a decline of 50, being 35 below the average, and at the rate of 21.8 per 1,000. 70 fatal cases of small-pox were registered against 84 during the previous seven days. There were 2,829 births, exceeding the average by 182. The mean temperature of the air was 49.9 deg., and 1.5 above the average. The Registrar-General has published his Quarterly Report, which shows that in the United Kingdom 288,168 births, and 186,603 deaths occurred during the three months ending 31st March, 1881. In England and Wales 138,582 deaths were registered. The annual death-rate did not exceed 21.8 per 1,000, and was 2.1 below the average; so low a death-rate has not been recorded since 1856, and is the more remarkable on account of the exceptionally severe frost which prevailed during January. There were forty frosty days during the quarter, and the lowest reading on each of these days exceeded that in the same period of any year since 1855. The loss of animal life in England due to the snow was great, and small birds died in large numbers, their food being covered by the snow; rooks were seen to kill and eat sparrows, and blackbirds to eat each other.

TELEPHONY AMONG THE BHEELS, that wild Hill tribe who have once more come into notoriety by their recent disturbances in Oodeypore, is conducted on simple but effectual principles. Over the mouth of a large common earthenware "Gurrah" is tightly stretched a piece of raw hide, with a hole in the centre, into which is inserted one end of the mid-rib of a long peacock-tail feather. This feather being smartly rubbed up and down with the fingers on a rough piece of wood, produces a long monotonous hum, which, *The Times of India* tells us, quickly spreads through the silence of the jungle for over a mile, and signifies the approach of danger. The alarm is quickly taken up by the nearest "pal" or village, and similarly conveyed onwards. The women seize their only possessions, a baby and a brass cooking-pot, and escape to the hills, the bigger children and the goats and buffaloes following, and the men bringing up the rear, and discharging Parthian darts with their bows as they go. Amongst other unpleasant customs the Bheels frequently suspect the women of witchcraft, and hang them head downwards from the bough of a tree, swinging them until they confess; while if any one becomes afflicted with leprosy, the sufferer is buried alive.





VIEW FROM THE ROCKS IN FRONT OF THE LOWEST FALL, LOOKING UPWARDS TO THE FALLS OF THE MAIN STREAM



THE LOWEST FALL ON THE SOUTH SHORE, SHOWING THE POINT OF JUNCTION WITH THE MAIN BODY OF THE STREAM

THE PAULO AFFONSO FALLS, SAN FRANCISCO RIVER, BRAZIL.





DRAWN BY CHARLES GREEN

Two were talking, and one, Lord Chudleigh, was standing apart.

## THE CHAPLAIN OF THE FLEET

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE,

AUTHORS OF "READY-MONEY MORTIBOY," "BY CELIA'S ARBOUR," "THE MONKS OF THELEMA," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

#### HOW HARRY GOT RELEASED

"He is now," said Dr. Powlett, returning to the lodge where I awaited him, "safely chained up in a strait-waistcoat. A strong young gentleman, indeed, and took four of my fellows to reduce him. Almost a pity," he went on, thinking of the case from a professional point of view, "that so valiant a fellow is in his right mind."

"Doctor, what may that mean?"

"Nay, I was but thinking—a physician must needs consider these things—that a country gentleman, with so great an estate, would be indeed a windfall in such an establishment as mine."

"Why, doctor, would you have all the world mad?"

"They are already," he replied; "as mad as March hares—all of them. I would only have them in establishments, with strait-waistcoats on, and an experienced and humane physician to reduce them by means of—those measures which are never known to fail."

"I hope," I said seriously, because I began to fear that some violence might have been used, "that my poor friend has been treated gently."

"We never," replied the doctor, "treat them otherwise than gently. My fellows understand that this—ahem!—unfortunate escaped sufferer from lunacy or dementia (because I have not yet had time to diagnose his case with precision) is to be treated with singular forbearance. One or two cuffs on the head, an admonition by means of the keeper's boot, he hath doubtlessly received. These things are absolutely necessary, but no collar-bones put out, or ribs broken. In the case of violent patients, ribs, as a rule, do get broken, and give trouble in the setting. Your friend, young lady, has all his bones whole. No discipline, so far, has been administered beyond a few buckets of water, which it was absolutely necessary to pour over his head, out of common humanity, and in order in calm the excessive rage into which the poor gentleman fell. He is quite calm now, and has neither been put under the pump nor in the tank. I have expressly ordered that there is to be no cudgelling. And I have promised my fellows half-a-guinea a piece—here he looked at me with a meaning smile—"if they are gentle with him. I have told them that there is a young lady interested in his welfare. My keepers, I assure you, madam, have rough work to do, but they are the most tender-hearted of men. Otherwise, they would be sent packing. And at the sight of half-a-guinea, their hearts yearn with affection towards the patients."

I smiled, and promised the half-guineas on the liberation of the

prisoner. Cuffs and kicks! a few buckets of cold water! a strait-waistcoat! My poor Harry! surely this would be enough to cure any man of his passion. And what a fitting end to a journey commenced with the intention of killing and murdering your old playfellow's lover! Yet, to be sure, it was a wicked thing I had done, and I resolved to lose no time (as soon as there was no longer any fear of a duel) in beginning to repent.

All this accomplished, which was, after all, only a beginning, I left the house and walked up the hill, intending to find the three gentlemen waiting for their duel. These meetings generally took place, I knew, on the way to the old well. I left Durdans on the right, and struck across the turf to the left. Presently I saw before me a group of three gentlemen, standing together and talking. That is to say, two were talking, and one, Lord Chudleigh, was standing apart. They saw me presently, and I heard Sir Miles, in his loud and hearty voice, crying out:

"Gad so! It is pretty Kitty herself."

"You look, gentlemen," I said, "as if you were expecting quite another person. But pray, Sir Miles, why on the Downs so early? There is no race to-day, nor any bull-baiting. The card-room is open, and I believe the inns are not shut."

"We are here," he replied, unblushingly, "to take the air. It is bracing: it is good for the complexion: it expands the chest and opens the breathing-pipes: it is as good as a draught of the waters: it is as stimulating as a bottle of port."

"Indeed! Then I am surprised you do not use the fresh air oftener. For surely it is cheaper than drinking wine."

"In future," he said, "I intend to do so."

"But why these swords, Sir Miles? You know the rule of the Wells."

"They wanted sharpening," he replied. "The air of the Downs is so keen, that it sets an edge on sword-blades."

"You looked—fie, gentlemen!—for Mr Temple to help sharpen the blades, as a butcher sharpens his knife, by putting steel to steel. Sir Miles, you are a wicked and bloodthirsty man."

He laughed, and so did the officer. Lord Chudleigh changed colour.

"Gentlemen," I went on, "I have to tell you—I have come here to tell you—that an accident has happened to Mr. Temple, which will prevent his keeping the appointment made for him at this hour. I am sure, if he knew that I was coming here, he would ask me to express his great regret at keeping you waiting. Now, however, you may all go home again, and put off killing each other for another day."

They looked at each other, astonished.

"My lord," I said, "I am sure you will let me ask you what injury my poor friend Harry Temple has done you that you desire to compass his death."

"Nay," he replied, "I desire not to compass any man's death. I am here against my will. I have no quarrel with him."

"What do you say, Sir Miles?" I asked. "Are you determined that blood should be split?"

"Not I," he replied. "But as the affair concerns the honour of two gentlemen, I think, with respect to so fair a lady, that it had better be left in the hands of gentlemen."

"But," I said, "it concerns me too now, partly because I have brought you the reason of Mr. Temple's absence, and partly because he is one of my oldest friends, and a gentleman for whom I have a very great regard. And methinks, Sir Miles, with submission, because a woman cannot understand the laws of the duello or the scruples of what gentlemen call honour—that honour which allows a man to drink and gamble, but not to take a hasty word, that if I can persuade Lord Chudleigh that Mr. Temple does not desire the duel, and is unfeignedly ashamed of himself, and if I can assure Mr. Temple that Lord Chudleigh would not be any the happier for killing Mr. Temple, why then this dreadful encounter need not take place, and we may all go home again in peace."

Upon this they looked at each other doubtfully, and Sir Miles burst out laughing.

When Sir Miles laughed I thought it would all end well at once. But then Harry's second spoke up gravely, and threatened to trouble the waters.

"I represent Mr. Temple in this affair. I cannot allow my principal to leave the field without satisfaction. We have been insulted. We demand reparation to our honour. We cannot be set aside in this unbecoming manner by a young lady."

"Pray, sir," I asked, "does your scarlet coat and your commission—I have said he was an officer—"enjoin you to set folks by the ears, and to promote that private method of murder which men call duelling? What advantage will it be to you, provided these two gentlemen fight and kill each other?"

"Why, as for advantage—none," he said. "But who ever heard—"

"Then, sir, as it would be of infinite advantage to many of their friends, and a subject of great joy and thankfulness that they should not fight, be pleased not to embroil matters further. And, indeed, sir, I am quite sure that you have breathed the bracing air of the Downs quite long enough, and had better leave us here, and go back to the town. You may else want me to fight in the place of



Mr. Temple. That would be a fine way of getting reparation to your wounded honour."

At this he became very red in the face, and spoke more about honour, law among gentlemen, and fooling away his time among people who, it seemed, either did not know their own minds, or contrived accidents to happen in the nick of time.

"Hark ye, brother," said Sir Miles upon this, "the young lady is right in her way, because, say what we will, our men were going out on a fool's errand. Why, in the devil's name, should they fight? What occasion has Mr. Temple to quarrel with my lord?"

"If Mr. Temple likes . . ." said his second, shrugging his shoulders. "After all it is his business, not mine. If, in the army, a man pulls another man's nose, why—"

"Will you please to understand, sir," I broke in, "that Mr. Temple is really delayed by an accident—it happened to him on his way here, and was entirely unforeseen by him, and was one which he could neither prevent nor expect? If a woman had any honour, in your sense, I would give you my word of honour that this is so."

"Under these circumstances," the gallant officer said, "I do not see why we are waiting here. Mr. Temple will, of course, tell his own story in his own way, and unless the fight takes place on the original quarrel, why, he may find another second. Such a lame ending I never experienced."

"And that," interposed Sir Miles, who surely was the most good-natured of men, "that reminds me, my good sir, that in this matter, unless we would make bad worse, we all of us had better make up our minds to tell no story at all, but leave it to Mr. Temple. Wherefore, if it please you, I will walk to the town in your company, there to contradict any idle gossip we may hear, and to lay upon the back of the rightful person, either with cudgels or rapiers, any calumny which may be attached to Mr. Temple's name. But, no doubt, he is strong enough to defend himself."

"Really, Sir Miles," said the officer with a sneer, "I wonder you do not fight for him yourself. Here is your principal, Lord Chudleigh, ready for you."

"Sir, he is not my friend, but the friend of Miss Pleydell. He is, as I believe you or any other person who may quarrel with him would find, perfectly well able to fight his own battles. Meantime I am ready to fight my own, as is already pretty well known."

With that they both walked off the field, not together, but near each other, the officer in a great huff and Sir Miles rolling along beside him, big and good-tempered, yet, like a bull-dog, an ugly dog to tackle.

Lord Chudleigh and I were left alone upon the Downs.

"Kitty," he cried, "what does this mean?"

"That there is to be no fighting between you and Harry Temple. That is what it means, my lord. Oh, the wickedness of men!"

"But where is he? what is the accident? What does your presence mean? Did he send you?"

I laughed, but could not tell him. Then I reflected that the errand on which he had come was no laughing matter, and I became grave again.

"My lord," I said, "is it well to tell a girl one day that you love her, and the next to come out to fight with swords about a trifle? Do you think nothing of a broken heart?"

"My dear," he replied, "it was forced upon me, believe me. A man must fight if he is insulted openly. There is no help for it till customs change."

"Oh!" I cried; "can that man be in his senses who hopes to win a woman's heart by insulting and trying to kill—her—her lover?"

"Yes, Kitty." He caught my hand and kissed it. "Your lover—your most unhappy lover! who can do no more than say he loves you, and yet can never hope to marry you. How did I dare to open my heart to you, my dear, with such a shameful story to tell?"

"My lord," I said, "promise me, if you sincerely love me, which I cannot doubt, not to fight with this hot-headed young man."

"I promise," he replied, "to do all that a man of honour may, in order to avoid a duel with him."

"Then, my lord, I promise, once more in return—if you would care to have such a promise from so poor a creature as myself—"

"Kitty! Divine angel!"

"I swear, even though you never wed me, to remain single for your sake. And even should you change your mind, and bestow your affections upon another woman, and scorn and loathe me, never to think upon another man."

He seized me in his arms, though we were on the open Downs (only there was not a soul within sight, so far as I could see around), and kissed me on the cheeks and lips.

"My love!" he murmured; "my sweet and gracious lady!"

Next, I had to consider what best to do about my prisoner. I begged my lord to go home through the Durdans, while I returned by the road. On the way I resolved to liberate Harry at once, but to make conditions with him. I therefore returned to the doctor's, and asked that I might be allowed to see the prisoner.

Dr. Powlett was at first very unwilling. He pointed out, with some justice, that there had not, as yet, been time enough to allow of colourable pretence at discovering the supposed mistake; a few days, say a fortnight, should elapse, during which the search might be supposed to be a-making; in that interval Harry was to sit chained to his cell, with a strait-waistcoat on.

"And believe me," said this kind physician, "he will learn from his imprisonment to admire the many kindnesses and great humanity shown to unhappy persons who are afflicted with the loss of their wits. Beside this, he will have an opportunity of discovering for what moderate charges such persons are received, entertained, and treated with the highest medical skill, at Epsom, by the learned physician, Jonathan Powlett, *Medicinae Doctor*. He will swallow my pills, drink my potions (which are sovereign in all diseases of the brains), be nourished on my gruel (compounded scientifically with the Epsom water), will be tenderly handled by my keepers, and all for the low charge of four guineas a week, paid in advance, including servants. And he will, when cured (if Providence assist), come out—"

"Twice as mad as he went in. No, doctor; that, if you please, was not what I intended. The mischief is averted for the present, and if you will conduct me to your prisoner, I think I can manage to avert it altogether."

Well, finding that there was nothing more to be got out of the case—I am quite sure that he was ready to treat poor Harry as really mad, and to keep him there as long as any money could be got out of him—the doctor gave way, and led me to the room in which lay prisoner Harry.

It was a room apart from the great common rooms in which idiots and imbecile persons are chained at regular intervals to the wall, never leaving their places, night or day, until they die. I was thus spared the pain of seeing what I am told is one of the most truly awful and terrifying spectacles in the world. The doctor, who measured his kindness by the guineas which he could extract from his patients' friends, kept certain private chambers, where, if the poor creatures were chained, they were not exposed to the sights and sounds of the common rooms.

In one of these, therefore, he had bestowed Harry.

"Let me," I said, "go in first, and speak with him. Do you come presently."

I think if I had known, beforehand, what they were going to do, I might have relented—but no: anything was better than that these

two men should stand, sword in hand, face to face, trying to kill each other for the sake of an unworthy girl.

Yet the poor lad, whom I had ever loved like a brother, looked in piteous case; for they had put the strait-waistcoat over him, which pinned his arms to his sides, and a chain about his waist which was fastened to the wall behind him; his wig was lying on the floor; he seemed wet through, which was the natural effect of those savage keepers' buckets; his face wore a look of rage and despair; sad to behold: his eyes glared like the eyes of a bull at a baiting.

"You here, Kitty?" he cried. "You? What is the meaning of your in this house?"

"Harry, there has been, it seems, a very terrible murder committed by Dr. Powlett's servants; they were told you were a certain escaped madman, and they arrested you in the discharge of their duty. It is most fortunate that the fact has been brought to my ears, because I could hasten—"

"Then quick, Kitty, quick!" he cried. "Go, call the doctor, and set me free. It may not yet be too late. Quick, Kitty! They are waiting for me."

He forgot, I suppose, what this "waiting" might mean to me.

"Who are waiting, Harry?"

He did not reply.

"What were you going to do on the Downs this morning, Harry, when they made a prisoner of you?"

"That is nothing to do with you," he replied. "Go, call the rascally doctor, whose ribs I will break, and his men, whom I will murder, for this job."

"Nothing to do with me, Harry? Are you quite sure?"

"You look, Kitty, as if you knew. Did Lord Chud— No; he would not. Did Sir Miles go sneaking to you with the news? Gad! I feel inclined to try conclusions with the Norfolk baronet with his cudgel about which he makes such a coil."

"Never mind who told me. I know the whole wicked, disgraceful, murderous story!"

"Disgraceful! You talk like a woman. Shall a man sit down idly, and see his wife snatched out of his arms?"

"What wife? Oh, Harry! you have gone mad about this business. Cannot you understand that I was never engaged to marry you—that I never thought of such a thing? I could never have been your wife, whether there were any rival or no. And did you think that you would make me think the more kindly of you, should you kill the man who, as you foolishly think, had supplanted you? Or was it out of revenge, and in the hope of making me miserable, that you designed to fight this duel?"

He was silent at this. When a man is in a strait-waistcoat, and chained to a wall, it is difficult to look dignified. But Harry's look of shame and confusion, under the circumstances of having no arms, was truly pitiful.

"You can talk about that afterwards," he said, doggedly. "Go, call the scoundrel doctor."

"Presently. I want to tell you, first, what I think about it. Was it kind to the woman you pretended to love to bring upon her the risk of this great unhappiness? Remember, Harry, I told you all. I told you what I could not have told even to Nancy, in the hope of breaking you of this mad passion. I trusted that you were good and true of heart; and this is the return."

"It is done now," he replied, gloomily. "Do not reproach me, Kitty. Let Lord Chudleigh run me through the body, and so an end. Now, fetch the doctor fellow and his men."

"That would have been indeed an end," I said. "But Harry, I have done better than that for you. I have stayed the duel altogether. You will not have to fight."

With that I told him how I had gone to the Downs, and what I had said to the gentlemen. Only, be sure that I left out what passed in the road between his lordship and myself.

Well, Master Harry flew into a mighty rage upon hearing this, and being still in the strait-waistcoat and in chains, his wrath was increased because he could not move; he talked wildly about his injured honour, swore that he would go and offer Lord Chudleigh first, and Sir Miles later, such an open and public affront as must be washed out with the blood of one; declared that I might have destroyed his reputation for courage for good, but that he was resolved the world should judge to the contrary. As for the company at the Wells, he would challenge every man at Epsom, if necessary, if he should dare to asperse his bravery. More he said to the same effect, but I interrupted him.

First, I promised to go with him upon the Terrace, there to meet the people and give him such countenance as a woman could. Next I promised him that Lord Chudleigh should meet him in a friendly spirit; that Sir Miles should be the first to proclaim Mr. Temple's courage. I assured him that he might be quite certain of finding many other opportunities of proving his valiancy, should he continue in the present bloodthirsty frame of mind. I congratulated him on his Christian readiness to throw away a life, which had hitherto been surrounded by so many blessings. Lastly, I advised him to consider how far his present attitude and sentiments corresponded with the divine philosophy of the ancients, whom he had once been so fond of quoting.

He refused to make any promise whatever.

Then I bade him remember—first, where he was; second, under what circumstances he came there; third, that he was surrounded by raving madmen, chained to the wall as one of them, put in a strait-waistcoat like one of them, and about to be reduced to a diet of bread and water; that no one knew where he was except myself and Dr. Powlett; that neither of us would tell anything about him; and that, in point of fact, unless he promised what I asked, he might remain where he was until all danger was past.

"And that, Harry, may be I know not when. For be very well assured that, as I have obtained from Lord Chudleigh a promise to seek no quarrel with you, I will not let you go from this place until I am assured that you will seek no quarrel with him, either on my account or under any other pretext whatever. You are in great misery (which you richly deserve for your wicked and murderous design); you are wet and hungry; if I go away without your promise, you will continue in greater misery until I return. Bethink thee, Harry."

Still he was obdurate. Strange that a man will face almost anything rather than possible ridicule.

What, after long persuasion, made him give way was a plain threat that if he would not promise what I required I would release him at once, but tell his story to all the town, so that, for very ridicule's sake, it would be impossible for the duel to take place.

"It will tell very prettily, Harry," I said. "Nancy will dress it up for me, and will relate it in her best and liveliest way; how you tried to get a little country girl of sixteen to engage herself to you; how, when you found her a year later turned into a lady, you thought that you could terrify her into accepting your proposals, on the plea that she had already promised; how you turned sulky; how you quarrelled with Lord Chudleigh, and made him accept your duel; how you were taken prisoner by mistake, and kicked, cuffed—"

"I was not kicked!" he cried.

"You were. Dr. Powlett's patients are always kicked. Then you had buckets of cold water thrown over you; you were put into a strait-waistcoat and chained to the wall: while I came and asked you whether you preferred remaining in the madhouse or promising to behave like an honourable gentleman, and abstain from insulting persons who have done no harm to you or yours."

"I believe," he said, "that it is none other than yourself who has had me captured and treated in this manner. *Femina furens!*"

"A mere mistake, Harry," I replied, "of this good physician's

zealous servants. Why, it might have happened in any such establishment. But for me to order it—oh! impossible—though, when one comes to think of it, there are few things a woman—*femina furens*, the English of which, Master Harry, I know—would not do to save two friends from hacking and slashing each other."

Upon this he gave way.

"I must," he said, "get away from this place with what speed I may, even if I have to pink half the men in Epsom to prove I am no coward. Kitty, call the doctor. I believe, bad nymph, thou hast a devil!"

"Nay, Harry, all this was planned but to lay the devil, believe me. But promise first."

"Well, then. It is a hard pill to swallow, Kitty."

"Promise."

"I promise."

"Not to pick any quarrel, or to revive any old quarrel, with Lord Chudleigh or Sir Miles Lackington."

He repeated the words after me.

"And to remain good friends with Kitty Pleydell and all who are her friends and followers."

He repeated these words as well, though with some appearance of swallowing distasteful food.

"I cannot shake hands with you, Harry, because, poor boy, your hands are hidden away beneath that strait-waistcoat. But I know you to be an honourable gentleman, as becomes a man of your birth and so great a scholar, and I accept your word. Wherefore, my dear old friend and schoolfellow, seeing that there is to be no more pretence of love between us, but only of friendship and good wishes, I will—call Dr. Powlett."

That good man was waiting in the corridor or passage while Harry and I held this conversation. He came as soon as I called him.

"Sir," said I, as soon as he came in (I noticed that he looked anxiously behind him to see that his four varlets were at hand, ready to defend him if necessary)—"sir, here is a most grievous mischance indeed. For this gentleman is no other than Mr. Harry Temple, Justice of the Peace, Bachelor of Arts of the University of Cambridge, Fellow Commoner of his College, Member of the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn, and a country gentleman, with a great estate, of East Kent. He is, in truth, doctor, no more mad than you or I, or any one else in the world."

The doctor affected the greatest surprise and indignation. First he expressed his inability to believe my statement, although it pained him deeply to differ from a lady; then he called upon one of his men to bring him the *Hue and Cry*, and read out a description of a runaway madman which so perfectly answered the appearance of Harry, that it would deceive any one, except myself, because I was sure he had himself written it—after the capture. He then asked me, solemnly and gravely, if I did not think, having heard the description, that the men were justified in their action.

I replied that the paper so exactly tallied with Harry's appearance that such a mistake was most easy to account for, and must at once, when explained, command forgiveness. Nevertheless, Harry's face looked far from forgiving.

"Varlets," said Dr. Powlett, who in some respects reminded me of a certain Doctor of Divinity, because his voice was deep and his manner stately, "go, instantly, every man Jack, upon his bended knees and ask the pardon of Mr. Temple for an offence committed by pure inadvertence and excess of honourable zeal in the extirpation—I mean the comfortable and kindly confinement of the lunatic, insane, and persons demented."

They all four fell upon their knees and asked forgiveness.

Harry replied briefly, that as for pardoning them, he would wait until he was free, when he would break all their ribs and wring their necks.

"Sir," said the doctor, "you are doubtless in the right, and are naturally, for the moment, annoyed at this little misadventure, at which you will laugh when you consider it at leisure. It will perhaps be of use to you as showing you on what humane, kindly, and gentle a system such establishments as ours are conducted. As regards the pardon which you will extend to these honest fellows, time is no object to them. They would as soon receive their pardon to-morrow, or a week hence, or a year, or twenty years hence, as to-day, because their consciences are at rest, having done their duty; therefore, good sir, they will wait to release you until you are ready with their pardon."

Harry, after thinking for a few moments over this statement, said that, so far as he was concerned, the four men might go to the devil, and that he pardoned them.

"There remains only," said the doctor, "one person who infinitely regrets the temporary annoyance your honour has been subjected to. It is myself. I have to ask of you, for the sake of my establishment and my reputation, two or three conditions. The first of them is your forgiveness, without which I feel that my self-respect as a true Christian and man of science would suffer; the second, absolute secrecy as regards these proceedings, a knowledge of which might be prejudicial to me; and the third—" here he hesitated and glanced sideways at me. "The third is, of course,"—he plucked up courage and spoke confidently—"a reimbursement of the expenses I have been put to, as, for instance,"—here he drew out a long roll, and read from it—"services of four men in watching for the escaped lunatic, for five hours, at five shillings an hour for each man, five pounds; to the capture of the same, being done in expeditious and workmanlike fashion, without confusion, scandal, cracking of crowns or breaking of ribs, two guineas; to bringing him in, and receiving many cuffs, blows, kicks, &c., on the way, three guineas; to use of private room for one month at one guinea a week (we never let our private and comfortable chambers for less than one month), four guineas; to wear and tear of bucket, strait-waistcoat, and chain, used in confining and bringing to reason the prisoner, two guineas; to board and lodging of the patient for one month at two guineas a week (we never receive a patient for less than one month), eight guineas; to attendants' fee for the same time, two guineas for entrance and three guineas for departure; to my own professional attendance of two guineas a week (I never undertake a case for less than one month certain), eight guineas. The total, good sir, I find to amount to a mere trifle of thirty-eight pounds twelve shillings."

Heavens! did one ever hear of such an extortionate charge? And all for two hours in a strait-waistcoat.

Harry stormed and swore. But the most he could get was a reduction of the bill by which certain items, including the three guineas for giving and receiving kicks and cuffs, and the two guineas for wear and tear of the bucket which had been emptied over him, were to be remitted. Finally he accepted the conditions, with the promise to pay thirty guineas in full discharge. And really I think that Dr. Powlett had done a good morning's work, having taken ten guineas out of me and thirty out of Harry. But then, as he said, it was a delicate and dangerous business, and might, in less skilful hands (meaning perhaps mine, perhaps his own), have led to very awkward results.

The Terrace was full of people, for it was now half-past twelve. As Harry and I made our way slowly under the trees they parted for us left and right, staring at us as we passed them with curious eyes. For the rumour had spread abroad that there was to have been a duel that morning between Lord Chudleigh and Mr. Temple, and that it was stopped—no one knew how—by some accident which prevented Mr. Temple from keeping his appointment. Now after other end of the Terrace we met Lord Chudleigh himself, who after saluting me, held out his hand before all the world to Harry, who took it with a bow and a blush.



MAY 7, 1881

There was a great sigh of disappointment. No duel, then, would be fought at all, and the two gentlemen who were to have fought it were shaking hands like ordinary mortals, and the lady for whom they were going to fight was walking between them, and all three were smiling and talking together like excellent friends.

Thus, then, did I heal up the quarrel between Harry Temple and my lord. It would have grieved me sore had poor Harry, almost my brother, been wounded or killed; but what would have been my lot had my lover fallen?

Three suitors had I rejected in a month, and a lover had I gained, who was also, though this I never ventured to confess, my husband. But there was one man whom I had forgotten quite, and he was destined to be the cause of the greatest trouble of all. Who would have believed that Will Levett would have dared to call himself my accepted lover? Who would have believed that this sot, this stable and kennel haunter, would have remembered me for a whole year, and would have come to Epsom in the full confidence that he was coming to claim a bride?

(To be continued)



THE fashions for this month, especially those adopted for the morning promenade, are of cool, quiet colours, and soft woollen materials. "Bronze d'Art," "Mine d'Or" (which is a brown shot with gold), terra cotta, and a new shade of red, called Lucifer, a dull tint, which does not light up well, peacock, and a yellow-green, called dragon, together with an infinite variety of greys, from the darkest slate to the lightest pearl, are the most popular colours for day toilettes. Peeps of bright colour brighten up the sombre hues. There are two distinct schools of fashions in London—the artistic or æsthetic, which is independent of all rule, and allows the most daring flights of fancy, and should only be attempted by the owners of figures slender to attenuation, whether old or young; woe to a square-shouldered, stout personage who ventures upon a short round waist, and full gathered bodice with balloon-puffed sleeves—it is a sight sad to contemplate. The other, or more general school, bears no distinctive name, and although averse to the so-called artistic craze gladly borrows from the Old Masters at home and abroad a hat or a dress here, a collar or ruff there, and although severe critics scoff at the incongruity of mixing two or three centuries together, if the combination be pretty what matter? Let us take a chair this fine May morning and watch the fair procession in the Row, where disciples of every school are congregated.

Here come three stylishly-dressed friends: one wears a short costume of *bronze d'art* cashmere, trimmed with satin; a *plastron*, honeycombed from the throat to the hem at intervals of six inches, alternating with flat tucks; the back gracefully draped; the bodice fastened at the back with cut steel buttons; *fichu*, Marie Antoinette, of white Indian muslin, trimmed with three narrow pleated frills. Brown satin hat, lined with coral pink satin.—The second costume is of Quaker-grey *béte*, made with a plain skirt, looped up on the left side to show a dark blue velvet pleated skirt, which comes about two inches below the dress all round. The bodice is made with a yoke, and full, with a round waist; she wears one of the pretty new belts made of blue velvet, mounted with silver, with a velvet reticule attached to it. These belts by the way are made in leather or materials to match the dress, and are a very pretty finish to round-waisted costumes. With this second costume is worn a steel grey satin bonnet, lined with blue velvet, and trimmed with steel lace, and three full-blown crimson natural roses, which, with one at the throat to fasten a Vandyke lace collar, is a becoming touch of colour amidst the sombre tints.—The third costume is particularly stylish, although the materials are inexpensive. The petticoat is of mauve-coloured sateen, with a deep flounce made thus: about two inches quite plain, then three inches full, with fine gathers, in groups, two inches deep, at short intervals. The upper dress is made with a plain cuirass bodice, which fits to perfection; the skirt is arranged in three folds, terminating in a very long narrow train, at the end of which is a deep fringe with a gimp beading; the train is not left on the ground, but turned up and fastened at the point of the bodice, the fringe falling back gracefully. Black Spanish lace mantelette. Open lace straw bonnet, lined with mauve, and a trailing wreath of white and mauve *convolvulus*, which come from the back of the bonnet round the throat. Long trailing wreaths are much worn on hats and bonnets.

There is quite a rage for steel in every form; small *capotes* are made of steel net, with no trimming excepting a rose or a small aigrette. Jackets are also made of a material into which steel is introduced, and the effect is very startling. Some people are so fond of gay colours that the artistic low tones do not meet with their approval. For these gay tastes multi-coloured materials are provided to be used as trimmings. Fancy plaids, checks, and stripes of the most gorgeous description are made in satin, velvet, and woollen fabrics. We are bound to confess that unless sparingly used they look vulgar. It is almost too soon to speak of the pretty chintzes and muslinettes which are now on view, but should not be worn in beautiful but treacherous May. There is nothing very new in bonnets and hats; lace is very fashionable for both. Although Mother Hubbard mantles are still worn, in a modified form, they will soon be put aside as too warm, and replaced by lace mantelettes, small *visites*, and muslin *fichus*.

Since Easter there have been a large number of weddings, and there are a great many yet to come. There is naturally a great sameness in the bride's dress; the satin lace and jewellery may be more or less costly and valuable, according to the wearer's position or wealth, but in our opinion for a bride, if she be young, the more simply her dress is made the better: a plain soft silk tulle veil is far preferable to an elaborate Brussels lace veil, the flowers on which persistently cover one eye and the tip of the nose, and the exquisite real flowers to be had in this month are far preferable to the richest jewels. It is all very well for wealthy folks to spend a large sum of money upon wedding bravery, but in a household where money is scarce, those bridesmaids' dresses are serious drags, and nine times out of ten are too grand for everyday use and too plain for balls.

It would be well if all fathers and mothers took example by an artist friend of ours who is richer in charming daughters than worldly wealth. His eldest girl was about to be married to a wealthy man, but the father refused the bridegroom's delicate offer to provide the wedding attire, saying, "My child shall not leave home with an empty purse, so the bride and her bridesmaids shall wear cotton dresses," and they did so, and a prettier wedding never was seen before. The bride, who was young and very fair, wore a dress of white sateen with a raised pattern of lilies of the valley, made with a long train, at the edge of which were three narrow pleated muslin frills. Round her throat and wrists were wreaths of real flowers, white violets, hyacinths, lilies of the valley, stephanotis, and a few sprays of orange blossom; her plain tulle veil was fastened with a coronet of flowers to match. The six bridesmaids, her sisters, were dressed in pairs; two wore pink sateen petticoats with several narrow flounces, and over-dresses of white cambric with a design of crimson rosebuds, a shoulder knot of real rose buds, and a bouquet of the same in their jaunty little French caps of clear muslin. The next two wore white

cambric flounced petticoats, and over-dresses of pale green sateen with bunches of violets on them; collarettes, shoulder-knots, and cap, bouquet of real violets, dark and white. The two youngest, who were quite children, wore white cambric petticoats with flounces and white sateen, with forget-me-not design upper dresses; real forget-me-nots in their tiny caps. Each bridesmaid carried a basket of flowers. The mother, determined to match her daughters in economy, wore a Lucifer-coloured sateen petticoat, and a chintz dress, black ground, with a white floral design, and a black lace mantilla.

We are taking example from our Parisian neighbours, and making a first representation at our leading fashionable theatres an excuse for an extra display of elegant toilettes. At a recent first-night the rival schools of costume were distinctly marked. The æsthetics were in great force with puffed sleeves, short waists, and sad-coloured garments. There were two or three classical robes. One was worn by a handsome Jewess, whose wavy dark hair was confined by five bandeaux of alternate pearls and diamonds; her dress of white cashmere was made in a strictly Grecian style. Low black satin bodices without a white tucker or scrap of lace are much worn, and doubtless make the skin look dazzlingly white, but in our opinion they have an unfinished appearance.

One of the ungraceful effects produced by the present clinging skirts, especially when they are elaborately trimmed, *c'est à dire*, a swinging and swaying at every movement, has been very cleverly remedied by one of our leading West End houses. It is a very simple arrangement, patented under the name of "La Renaissance." It consists of a combination of muslin and thin steels, simple as it is ingenious.—Stockings are becoming daily more elaborate: they are now made, for dress occasions, of the finest silk, with real lace insertion let in to form open stripes; the shoes are equally elaborate; dresses are worn quite short in front in order to display the pedal coverings, which, by the way, do not make the feet look their best, but produce a flat and wide appearance on the instep.



LOCAL RATING.—The Newbury Chamber of Agriculture have resolved that "the time has come when personal property should bear its fair share of local rates, and this would most easily be done by the Government paying for the police, the Union work-houses, and half the main and turnpike roads. It is also equitable that all new rates imposed since the occupier entered into his occupation should be paid by the owner; and further, it is desirable that the ratepayers should have a voice in the imposition of the county rate."

AGRICULTURAL POPULATION.—The census returns are appearing in the most extraordinary and haphazard manner, but statistics are already before us sufficient to show that the population of the purely farming districts of England has not only not increased, but has actually diminished during the past decade. This is a serious matter, and it is not made lighter by the fact that while agricultural depression in Scotland has not been nearly so acute as in England, the Northern Kingdom shows a reduction in the agricultural population similar to that which has occurred in England and Wales. It is not that the small towns and boroughs are swallowing the villages, the hamlets, and the outlying country population, it is the great towns which are draining townlets, villages, and hamlets alike.

THE SCIENTIFIC PLOUGHBOY.—This is a new and curious product of the soil, to the cultivation of which Sir Charles Dodsworth and Sir Edmund Lechmere are giving their valuable attention. The worthy baronets hold that "it would be possible for a painstaking schoolmaster to awaken in the minds of his boys an intelligent interest in the various processes of agriculture which they see around them, such as the difference between clay, chalk, and marl; something of the great classes of plants and the differences between them; and elementary lessons in mechanics." Every ploughboy his own Voelcker, may be well enough; but imagine the ordinary farmer asked by one of his "hands" for an opinion on Darwin's "latest," or an explanation of how the zonal pelargonium came to be popularly attributed to the divergent order of geraniums?

BIRMINGHAM SHORTHORN SHOW was not a large one, but the sales were fairly brisk, and good prices were frequently realised. Cows and heifers were of fairly good quality, and there were some fine animals among the bulls, from twenty to thirty months old. There was a large and good show of bulls between fifteen and twenty months old. The show of bull calves was good and promising. Aged bulls were a very small show. It is to be regretted that circumstances caused the Show to be held so late that very many farmers had made arrangements without waiting for the spring sale.

CORN RETURNS.—A Berkshire farmer has been fined five pounds and nearly four pounds costs, for neglecting to send the Government returns of corn bought by him. In vain he pleaded that the returns were not cared for, that half the corn sold at Reading was not returned; these were not pleas recognisable at law, and Mr. Lovegrove learnt to his loss that organised hypocrisies can be as intolerant as infallibility itself. The half-hearted way in which the returns are got out by Government fully warrants the current belief that they are not cared about at head-quarters.

ROOTS were luckily abundant at the end of last year, but farmers during the past three months have drawn upon them so heavily, that the stock is now in many cases exhausted, and in almost all is much reduced.

ABINGDON has been the scene of a battle royal between "The Farmers' Alliance" and those farmers who mistrust that organisation. The Alliance were represented by Mr. J. Howard, M.P., its President, and by Mr. Bear, its Secretary, but Colonel Lloyd-Lindsay on the other side carried the meeting with him, and a vote against the Alliance was carried on a show of hands by two to one. The attendance numbered over 200. As the proportion at the division and the numbers are taken from a paper supporting the Alliance, they may be taken as free from exaggeration on the part of the successful party.

CHESHIRE CHEESE is becoming cheaper, a fact which, out of the producing county, will be hailed with satisfaction. From 40s. to 70s. per cwt. was the range of value at the recent fair, about 55s. being a reasonable mean price. The county pastures are coming on capitally, though the season up to Easter was seriously against the growth of grass.

MR. TOLLEMACHE has been returned for the County of Chester, in spite of a point-blank refusal to vote for the abolition of the law of distress. This would not appear to support the views of those who look upon the landlord's priority of claim as a great farming grievance. As a matter of fact, it may really be questioned whether the existing law is not in favour of the farmer. It secures for him the leniency of his most important creditor, and is a protection under which landlords will often wait over a couple of bad seasons for their rent. It is a grievance to tradesmen and to smaller general creditors, but how it hurts the farmer is not very clear.

FOOT AND MOUTH DISEASE.—Relaxation of recent stringent orders appears to have been somewhat precipitate; at all events, we hear of a rather serious fresh outbreak at Carlisle. Fifteen cattle and forty-four pigs have been affected. The Chief Constable of Cumberland, to whose courtesy we are indebted for the information, thinks there is very little doubt the disease has been imported from Newcastle.

AGRICULTURAL AND FOREST METEOROLOGY.—This is the title of a learned statistical article which Mr. Scott contributes to the Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society just published. His general conclusion is that while our islands are too densely populated and too denuded of trees for us to expect results of value from forest stations, yet with our humid climate, due to our oceanic position, the results obtainable with the various crops cannot fail to exhibit material differences from those derived from Continental experience, and to throw important light on the mutual relations between vegetation and meteorology.

VEGETATION is materially dependent on the temperature of the air and of the soil, on the duration and intensity of light, on humidity, rain, and snow, on fog, dew, and hoarfrost, and on the motion of the air. Vegetation is not sensibly affected by the daily march of pressure or by the presence of ozone. The temperature of the soil is seldom measured, but it is of great importance, and we would recommend country gentlemen to have one of the not too expensive instruments which show the temperature six, nine, or twelve inches below the surface. This underground thermometer will often supply the only true answer to the anxious inquiry, "What harm has the recent frost done?"

THE RAINFALL at Nothamstead during last year was as follows: January, 0.55 inches; February, 2.90; March, 1.13; April, 2.16; May, 0.74; June, 1.97; July, 5.26; August, 1.07; September, 5.86; October, 5.94; November, 2.92; and December, 3.47. Total, 33.96; roughly, 34 inches against 36 inches in 1879, and 28.30 inches on a thirty years' average. After such rainfall drying winds were, indeed, well needed.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE AGRICULTURISTS met together last week, and agreed that "beer should be so far placed under the Adulteration Act than when other ingredients than hops and malt are used in its manufacture, it shall be always advertised as such." We heartily sympathise with the resolution, and personally would do anything in support of it, except *purse it*.

## OPENING OF THE COACHING SEASON

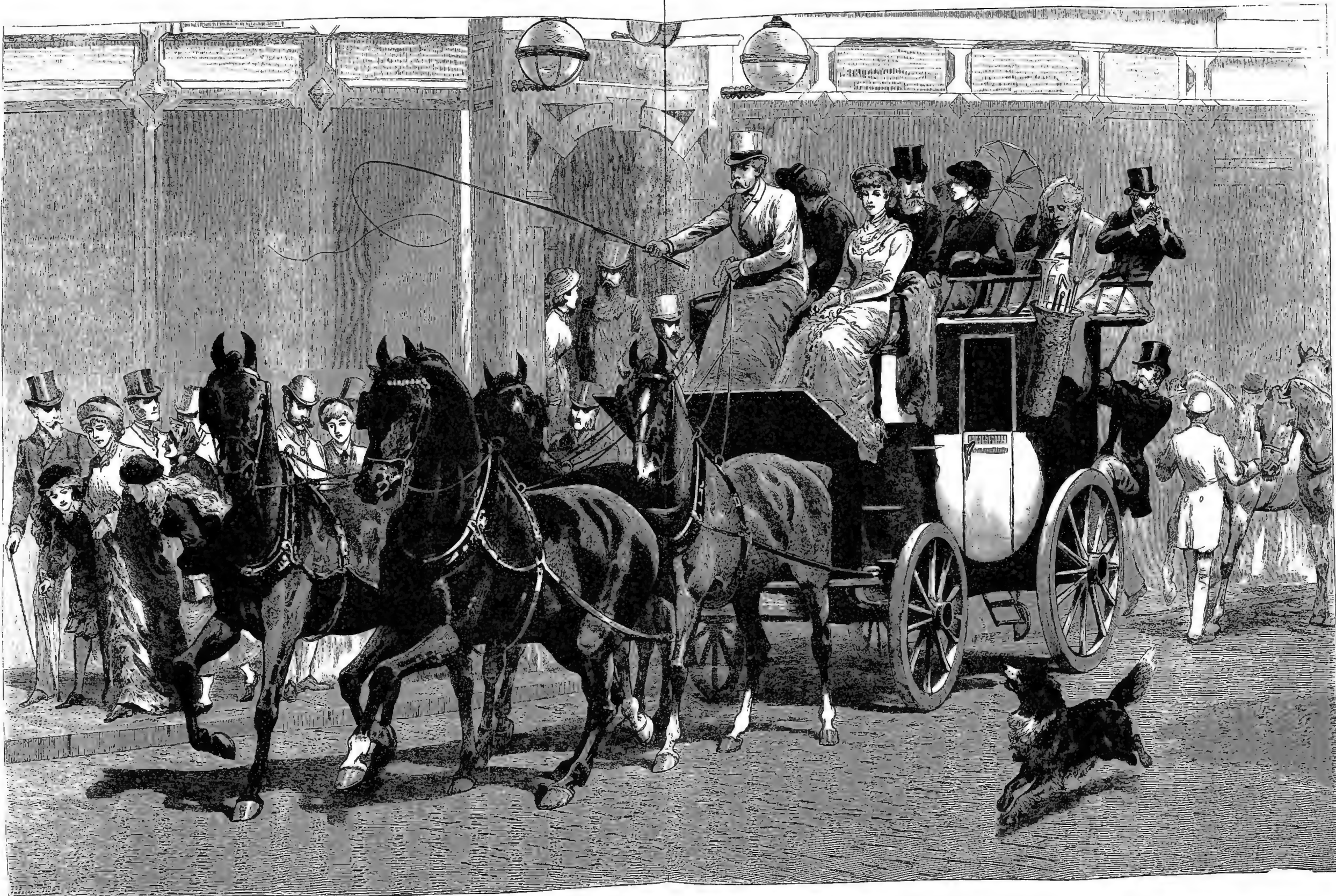
A START FROM THE WHITE HORSE CELLAR, PICCADILLY

A SPECIAL feature of the age in which we live is that it is one of revivals—at least in this country. We have seen revivals in dress, in social, civil, and even ecclesiastical life, and revivals of a variety of old sports, pastimes, and amusements. Among these the Coaching Revival, as it is called, is a very marked one, not only in the metropolitan district, but throughout the country, and it only developed itself a few years ago, just in time to save the art of driving four-in-hand from becoming extinct. Time was when noblemen and gentlemen by the score could handle the ribbons as well as the professionals of the elder Weller persuasion, and the different coach roads out of London had their amateur patrons, such as Sir Henry Peyton, Sir Henry Parnell, Sir Thomas Mostyn, Lord Clonmell, Sir John Rogers, and a whole host of aristocratic knights of the whip, who drove their stages, and often the whole journey, and made what was begun as an amusement a serious business of their lives. But when George Stephenson's hated "tea-kettle" finally drove the old coaches off the road the opportunities for a younger generation of amateurs to learn the ancient art were naturally very much restricted, and as years passed on the professionals were gradually gathered to their fathers, and left but few successors. Here and there a nobleman, or a country gentleman like Mr. Compton, of the New Forest, kept a drag and cultivated the art of driving, and in some remote districts business four-in-hands still lingered; but to all intents and purposes the days of coaching, like the days of chivalry, had passed.

The old coaches, however, "died hard" and "died game," struggling against the destiny of the "steam-pot" to the bitter end; and some of them would often attain a speed of from thirteen to fourteen miles an hour, as if to challenge the flying train itself. This was particularly the case with the Plymouth and Truro coach, which was among the last of the long-journey ones, and seemed to bid defiance to the comparatively crawling trains on the Cornish Railway. On one very short stage of four miles, up hill and down dale, a terrific gallop was maintained from end to end, and it is said that one well-known Jehu was in the habit of putting on an extra thick coat or two for this stage to act as circumambient buffers in case of accident. But the struggle was in vain; and the art of "tooling" a four-in-hand was threatened with extinction. It certainly became and lay dormant for years, at least among amateurs, and only maintained a sickly existence among van and omnibus drivers, who occasionally had to take a party to Epsom or Hampton races, or for "a day in the country," or had to work a "unicorn" up Hampstead Hill, in which latter occupation they may still be noticed as only trusting themselves with a whip of lash long enough to reach the leader's hinder parts, the art of "catching" it not being theirs.

But now a word or two as regards the revival of coaching. It may be said to have begun about ten years ago, chiefly among the "upper ten" and those who follow in their wake. And a most successful revival it has been; the meets of the "Coaching" and "Four-in-Hand" Clubs at the Magazine in Hyde Park being now reckoned among the chief out-door features of the London season. And most certainly the procession on these occasions of some twenty to thirty drags, turned out by the best builders, with perfect teams and all their appurtenances as good as money can buy, is a scene of which we, as a horsey nation, may well be proud. We may be proud, too, to know that our coaching revival has also had an immense influence upon the horsey society of Paris and New York, whose four-in-hands, handled by natives, may vie with ours. And perhaps even a more marked feature of the coaching revival is the establishment of the "butterfly" coaches which daily run three or four stages out of London, and return the same day, just for mere pleasure trips. The "New Times" has been on the Guildford Road, and the coaches to Dorking and Windsor have been at work for some little time past; but several other season ventures only started on Monday last, which did duty of "May-day," the traditional opening day of the modern coaching season. A delightful way for one mostly "in populous city pent" to take a holiday is to make a day's trip on one of these coaches whose point of departure is generally the White Horse Cellar, beneath Haichett's well-known hotel in Piccadilly. Thither, at the starting and returning times (kept very punctually, remember), every day assemble groups of horsey men and women, and a miscellaneous crowd which evidently sympathises with the coaching revival. Our illustration is one of a coach just at the moment of starting, when the amateur coachman is sometimes a little nervous and the leaders a little shy of feeling their collars, while the holiday passengers are full of pleasurable excitement and anticipation. The start for any holiday trip is often a moment of most exquisite pleasure—the first dip of the oars for an aquatic excursion; the first jerk of the train which is to carry you miles away from your daily work and worries. It is often difficult to realise that really a pleasant holiday is to be yours till you actually feel you are "off."





OPENING OF THE COACHING SEASON: A START FROM THE WHITE HORSE CELLAR, PICCADILLY



## THE ROYAL ACADEMY

## I.

A VAGUE impression only can be conveyed by a summary verdict of the character of an exhibition containing more than fifteen hundred works of various kinds. It may, however, be safely asserted that the One Hundred and Thirteenth exhibition of the Royal Academy contains a vast amount of interesting matter. There are as usual some elements of disappointment. Some of our most accomplished painters are inadequately represented, and one or two pictures that have been much talked of are found to have less merit than rumour has assigned to them. There are not many examples of the severer forms of Art, and very few works of an imaginative or poetical kind, but this may be said with equal truth of every exhibition, English or foreign. In pictures that come under the category of *genre*, representations of historic incident and scenes of modern life in which human emotion is portrayed, the collection is, however, unusually rich. Those who are interested in the progress of British art will be gratified to find that a very large proportion of the best work in these departments, as well as in landscape and portraiture, is contributed by the younger painters of our school. Some of them are by artists who, though still young, have achieved distinction, and others by men whose names are yet unknown to the public.

The President of the Academy sends as usual several pictures. The largest of them, "An Idyll" (197), which occupies a central place in the third gallery, is, as its title implies, of a purely imaginative kind. Two maidens clad in loose robes which define the contour of their perfect limbs are reclining in attitudes of unstudied grace under the wide-spreading branches of a beech tree, listening to the piping of a shepherd whose back is turned to the spectator. Exception may reasonably be taken to the waxlike smoothness of the flesh and the almost morbid suavity of the colour; but of the fine drawing of the figures and their beauty, or the harmony that exists between the different elements of the work, it would be difficult to speak too highly. Sir Frederick Leighton's portrait of himself (119), destined to occupy a place in the famous Uffizi gallery at Florence, is admirable both as a likeness and as a picture. The head is full of individuality, and all its varying contours are modelled with consummate skill and completeness. The strongest work by the painter, larger in style than the rest, and more severe, is "Elisha Raising the Son of the Shunamite" (49), hanging in the first gallery. The figure of the dead boy partly covered by a white cloth is splendidly designed, while that of the aged Patriarch who, with his head bent down, is infusing into him the breath of life, is full of dignity and tenderness.

Another example of learned draughtsmanship and simple grandeur of treatment is to be seen in Mr. E. J. Poynter's "Helen of Troy" (198). Sumptuously attired in a loose red robe, with massive ornaments of gold hanging from her neck, the Queen stands transfixed with horror on a terrace, overlooking the burning city. The figure is splendidly designed, and the drapery most artistically disposed, but the most remarkable feature of the work is the subtle skill with which the conflicting emotions of amazement and terror are depicted in the face without disturbing its faultless beauty.

Mr. F. Goodall is seen to great advantage in two large pictures of Oriental life. In "The Road to Mecca" (43), an Arab of middle age, with his camel tethered beside him, is devoutly kneeling on a small square of carpet in the midst of the desert by twilight. The evident earnestness of the man, and the natural grandeur of the scene imperfectly discerned in the gathering gloom, combine to render the work impressive. The companion picture, "The Return from Mecca" (58) is full of movement and vivacity. The Pilgrim returned to his home is stooping from his saddle to take a young child from the arms of its mother, while the camel drinks deeply from a well. The figures, besides being true types of Eastern character, are natural in their movements and artistically grouped, and the effect of bright sunlight is forcibly rendered. Both pictures are in perfect keeping, and they are painted with masterly breadth and firmness.

Mr. E. Long's very large picture, "Diana or Christ" (97) cannot be accounted one of his most successful productions. The workmanship throughout is excellent, and it bears evidence of great learning and research, but the design wants spontaneity, and the principal figure—a young Christian girl tempted to save her life by burning incense before the altar of Diana at Ephesus—is less interesting than some that should be subordinate. No conflicting emotions are reflected in her face, while that of her lover who offers her the incense is full of expressive energy. Another cause of weakness is the importunate excess of matter that the artist has introduced; the composition is somewhat confused, and there are some figures that serve only to distract attention from the principal actors in the scene. Mr. Briton Rivière has also derived from the annals of the early Christians the subject of a large picture, "A Roman Holiday" (155). To escape death in another form, a young Christian has encountered two huge tigers in the Roman Amphitheatre. Mortally wounded, he lies on the ground, and with the point of his sword feebly traces the form of a cross in the sand. One of his antagonists he has killed, while the other savagely paces the arena. The design of the human figure is by no means faultless, but the tigers, both magnificent specimens of their race, are drawn and painted with surprising power. A more agreeable picture by this artist, called "Envy, Hatred, and Malice," shows half-a-dozen dogs of various breeds striving to attract the attention of a young girl fondling a pug puppy perched on her shoulder. The attitude of the girl is natural, but the interest of the picture centres in the dogs. They are all instinct with vitality, and they are painted in a way that implies a keen and sympathetic perception of canine character. A very different phase of English life is faithfully portrayed in Mr. Rivière's third picture, "Let Sleeping Dogs Lie" (402)—where a besotted navigator of a very animal type is sleeping on a bench outside a tavern, while his faithful bull-dog to protect him from harm lies on his breast. The inferior creature, as well as the dog, is a true type of English character.

A somewhat trite subject has been treated with great originality and skill by Mr. H. S. Marks in his picture, "Author and Critics" (252). An author of the time of Charles I. is here seen reading his poem or his play to two unwilling listeners. The earnestness of the author who thoroughly believes in his work, and the impressive energy with which he emphasises an important passage, contrasts strongly with the listless indifference of the gaily-attired young man who lolls on the table smoking. A man of more mature age sits by, and listens with ill-disguised impatience and contemptuous pity. Nothing could well be more significant than the gesture of this man, or more expressive than his face. The treatment is in every way most artistic; all the accessory objects, besides being appropriate and to the purpose, are skilfully introduced with regard to the composition and scheme of colour. Nothing is wanting to give completeness to the work, and nothing is superfluous. Another humourously suggestive picture by this painter, "An Episcopal Visitation" (113) represents a Bishop looking into a cage containing two large birds of the pelican tribe, who seem to regard him with equal curiosity. The birds are not less characteristic than the Bishop, and they are drawn and painted with consummate ability. Mr. J. E. Hodgson's "Bound for the Black Sea" (240) represents sailors and soldiers amusing themselves in various ways on the Hard at Portsmouth before embarking for the Crimea. The picturesque tavern—long since demolished—and the old wooden three-deckers in the harbour behind, serve to give local character to the scene. Some men are seen parting from their wives and sweethearts, but the female element

is by no means prominent. The various figures—most of them bent on amusement—are characteristic and animated, and, as a whole, the scene has a strong appearance of reality. It is, however, open to criticism on the score of its diffuseness. There is no central interest, no incident or group can be said to be more important than the rest, and none is subordinate. A seaport town is also the scene of Mr. W. F. Yeames's picture called "Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush" (9), the title referring to a party of ragged little boys and girls dancing round a huge bronze cannon standing by a harbour. There is no suggestion of youthful grace in the children; but they are more boisterous than spontaneous in their movements, and many of the surrounding figures are excellent studies of character, especially the party of weather-worn pensioners seated together on a bench. Mr. Yeames also sends a life-sized half-length figure of a languid lady reclining on a couch, "Dolce far Niente" (208), chiefly remarkable for the fine drawing and careful modelling of the arms and hands. Mr. J. B. Burgess sends a well-conceived and well-painted picture of modern Spanish life called "The Genius of the Family" (29). In the shop of a pottery dealer a party of neighbours and friends, including the parish priest, are assembled to listen to the performance of a little boy, with closely-cropped hair, who, is perched on the counter, is playing the guitar and singing. There is a great deal of truthful character in the picture, and some humour; the complacent pride of the boy's mother is extremely well expressed.

Mr. P. H. Calderon's almost unequalled power of portraying refined but healthy female beauty is finely exemplified in his large "Flowers of the Earth" (161). As regards composition the picture resembles several of Paolo Veronese's works. On an open loggia are seen women decorating a table prepared for a banquet, and on a lower level maidens of rare beauty wearing chaplets of roses are variously engaged with flowers. The general tone of the picture is very brilliant, and the large masses of positive colour are skilfully arranged so as to produce a splendid decorative effect. The only work by Mr. G. D. Leslie, "Hen and Chickens" (295), represents a party of girls of various ages playing on the lawn of an old-fashioned house seen in the distance. Though not quite faultless in design, and rather weak and monotonous in colour, the picture is agreeable from its beauty, its refinement of style, and the sense of cultivated domesticity which it conveys. In his large picture "Fair St. George" (149), Sir John Gilbert has treated a legendary and romantic subject with his accustomed ability. The figure of the armed knight is stately, and there is dignity as well as grace in that of the Princess who is putting her girdle about the neck of the dragon from whom he has rescued her.

Besides many admirable portraits to be noticed later, Mr. Millais sends a picture, "Cinderella" (270), that cannot fail to be popular. Whether the very young bare-footed girl playing with a peacock's feather as she sits by the dying embers of a fire, and looking up with a frank and fearless expression, will realise most people's idea of Cinderella, may well be doubted; but it is a work of rare beauty and consummate art. The colour is admirable both in quality and arrangement, and every part of the picture is painted with realistic force, and with an easy mastery that no living artist could excel. Nothing could well be more beautiful than the youthful face, or more charmingly innocent than its expression.



"DOCTOR VICTORIA," by Major-General G. C. Alexander, C.B. (3 vols.: Samuel Tinsley), is "A Picture from the Period," according to the title-page. It is certainly not a picture by which the period can feel itself flattered. General Alexander, without being at all one of the fashionable sect of pessimists, appears to hold that everything has somehow got into a general social and political muddle, from which there are but two methods of escape—the establishment of lady-surgeons and the disestablishment of Beer. Beer is the disease of the period: lady-doctors, particularly lady-oculists, are to effect the cure. Such is the impression which this exceedingly earnest but incoherent novel is certain to leave upon the minds of the generality of its readers, who will find it much too troublesome to disentangle either the author's logic or his characters. His views about Beer and Surgery are so equally strong that they cannot help sometimes tripping each other over; and unhappily the plot is of that complicated genealogical order which compels confusion. Anybody who wants a good exercise in pedigree-tracing cannot do better than try to make out the precise relationship between Margaret Marsh and Dr. Victoria. The novel, in spite of its earnestness, of its obviously genuine sympathy with every kind of suffering, and of many similar good qualities, is neither interesting in itself nor valuable as a picture of the time. The fact is that General Alexander has gone to work upon a principle that is entirely and hopelessly wrong. He starts with an avowed intention of making his novel as much a thing of scraps, patches, and seemingly random threads as he considers real life to be—which is as if the reporter of a debate or conversation were to reproduce every sentence just as it was spoken, however unfinished or ungrammatical it might be. Life, just as it is, never has been, will be, or can be, transferred into words: and it will be found that those who give the truest effect of real life have obtained their end by the most thorough use of those artistic methods, either consciously or unconsciously exercised, with which General Alexander will have nothing to do. He is not even faithful to his own theory; and the result is a thing of scraps and patches which gives scarcely the faintest effect of the reality at which it aims. For the sake of strong opinions, warmly and zealously spoken out, "Dr. Victoria" is worth reading. As an attempt to revolutionise the art of fiction, it is an absolute failure.

An *obiter dictum* occurs in the last-mentioned novel to the effect that certain promises ought to be neither made, nor kept if made. If this were accepted as an ethical canon in fiction, at least half the machinery of plot-making would hopelessly break down. Among the most complete of these collapses would be the plot of Mrs. Macquoid's "Beside the River" (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett), which is based, like many hundreds more, upon a ridiculous promise which clearly falls within the range of General Alexander's most sensible canon. Jeanne promises never to leave her grandmother, and considers herself obliged, on that account, to tell her lover that she can never marry him, without at the same time telling him why. Very naturally, her lover finds a more reasonable sweetheart, and Jeanne is left to the persecutions of a passionate photographer and of a rival, who tries to throw her over a cliff in a fit of jealous frenzy—all the result of being too loyal to a grandmother for whose imminent death she might have waited without her patience being very sorely tried. But if the plot, which tastes strongly of uncongenial melodrama, is not characteristic of Mrs. Macquoid, the hand is still that of the authoress of "Patty" and "Diana." She has, it is true, left the orchards of Normandy for the now favourite country on the Meuse, about Dinant: but we find a striking likeness between the picturesque sentimentalities of Norman peasants and those of Flemish *bourgeoisie*. Mrs. Macquoid looks at the whole world through her own particular glasses; but as their colour is always charming the quality of the landscape seen through them for the time being is charming also. "Beside the River" is not among the best of its authoress's successes, if only on account of its forced and unnatural story. But it has the grace which never fails to belong to work from her hand.

"Found, though Lost," by Charles H. Eden (1 vol.: Newman and Co.), belongs more distinctly to the region of melodrama, and that of a very simple and old-fashioned kind. It turns upon the arbitrary deportation from Spain, in 1848, to Manila and elsewhere, of persons suspected of being opposed to the Government of the day. These proceedings, it seems, were made without warning or explanation, and without permitting the *deportados* to communicate with their friends. But the real interest attaching to this piece of history is spoiled by mixing it up with all the apparatus of gipsy prophecies, evil eyes, theatrical assassinations, and all the stock business of Spain as it is seen from the pit and gallery. There is plenty of incident, so that the story is never allowed to drag, but roughly thrown together with but little attempt at construction, and with none whatever to relieve the pervading atmosphere of tragic misery by a flash of brightness or a spark of humour. For one thing Mr. Eden is to be commended. His gipsy words and phrases are copied from Mr. Borrow correctly, and he has made the sole error of quoting a sentence which on the same authority belongs to the Hungarian dialect, and is far too pure and grammatical for the barbarous and corrupt *Romani* of Spain.

"An Unlucky Lie," by Athol A. Johnstone (1 vol.: Newman and Co.) is a rattling farce, founded on this quotation from Pope:—"He who tells a lie is not sensible how great a task he undertakes; for he must be forced to invent twenty more to maintain that one." We will not spoil the intending reader's sport by showing why and how the unfortunate, and by no means untruthful, hero was driven into a perfect labyrinth of lies for the sake of one. It must be enough to say that the story is sheer undiluted farce, and of good quality in that capacity. It is also very short, as every farce ought to be. Books that raise a laugh—not at their own expense—are so rare that they may be allowed to dispense with such comparative trifles as probability. Amusement, and nothing else, is the successful aim of "An Unlucky Lie."



M. JOURDAIN had been talking prose all his life without knowing it; in the same way thinkers had been associating ideas ever since men began to think at all. All language testifies to the power of the principle; but it was not formulated as a doctrine till quite modern times. Aristotle, of course, noticed it, as he did everything; Descartes worked it into a system of his own; Locke brought it so prominently forward that contemporary reasoners were quite enthusiastic about it, one of them claiming for it "as much influence in the Intellectual World as Gravity has in the Natural." Mr. Bower, in "English Philosophers—Hartley and James Mill" (Sampson Low), couples the famous physician with John Stuart Mill's father on the ground that both of them gave special importance to this Association of Ideas. Hartley naturally looked at it as a physicist, insisting on uncumbersome the theory with hypotheses about vibrations and vibratiuncles, of which the "neural tremors" of Dr. Maudsley and G. H. Lewes are the lineal successors. Mill cast all this aside, and treated Association as a purely mental process. Wherein the two agree, and wherein they differ, and what James Mill owed to Hartley, Mr. Bower sets before us in a volume which, for grasp of thought and power of analysis, is far above the average of philosophic serials. We are almost overdone with these series, the only advantage of which is that if a student goes through them all he will know both sides of a question; while there is the fear that non-students, reading only one of the lives of Bacon, for instance, will form narrower views than if they had picked up their knowledge from the old authorities. This objection does not apply to Mr. Bower's work. He has not a thesis to support. He traces in a masterly way the principles of Utilitarianism in the writings of Hartley, one of its earliest, and of the elder Mill, one of its latest exponents, as well as their respective answers to the questions: How do we come to think and act, and how ought we to act? He sees the weaknesses of both; of Hartley's vibrations, for instance, he says: "They are like the French chemists' substance *x* in being undiscovered and unproved; but unlike it in the fact that, even if their existence were proved, it could not be shown that they caused the phenomena to be accounted for." In morals Hartley and Mill were wholly at odds. Both thought the times out of joint; but while Hartley's remedy was to go back *bona fide* to the old morality, Mill thought the existing ethical principles radically wrong, and wished for a revolution. James Mill's views on education are very interesting when we remember their effect on his son's training. The brief lives with which the volume opens put the two theorists clearly before us—Mill, the eager reformer of society, with his "passion for bettering the world"; Hartley, the typical eighteenth-century man, comfortable and ready to comfort others. Mr. Bower has done his work well; he is thorough, and yet always readable.

Mr. Fowler, in "Bacon," another of the same series, has the disadvantage of a more hackneyed subject. We are grateful to Mr. Bower for giving us a compact summary of Utilitarianism; we are sometimes inclined to be angry with Mr. Fowler for taking sides so unhesitatingly in the well-known controversies about "the greatest, wisest, meanest of mankind." Ought Bacon to have behaved as he did to Essex and Raleigh? This is a very different thing from the matter of taking bribes, in which the philosopher was only following the custom of the day. Mr. Fowler is a thorough Stebbingite; and hence the danger at which we hinted above. He mentions, indeed, in a footnote that Dr. Abbott takes a wholly different view of Bacon's character and conduct; but we should have been better pleased had he stated the arguments *pro* and *con*, leaving the reader to judge for himself. In one direction we can quite go along with him. Liebig published in 1863 a very inaccurate pamphlet, "written in a tone of such shrill invective that it almost seems as if Bacon had been the writer's personal enemy." To this bitter attack, reproduced in *Macmillan*, some of Bacon's recent critics seem to have gone for their weapons; and Mr. Fowler does good work in re-asserting the true value of the Baconian induction, while admitting that the Tables and the Method of Exclusions by which the conception is to be worked out are cumbersome, and not always effective. Even nowadays scientific induction, as opposed to the mere enumeration of facts, and proceeding by way of selection and elimination, is not so thoroughly grasped by students as it ought to be; and, whatever fault may be found with his details, to Bacon belongs the glory of having reared it on its right basis. We also think Mr. Fowler is right in recommending the "Organum Novum" as an introduction to the study of the inductive branch of scientific method, just as students of philosophy commonly begin with Aristotle and Plato in preference to modern text books. Such less formal treatises are valuable to the beginner as displaying the efforts of genius in grappling with the fundamental problems of the science.

HOW TO HEAR PLANTS GROW has been discovered by two Germans. At a recent meeting of the Silesian Botanical Society, an apparatus was shown, in which the growing plant is connected with a disc, having in its centre an indicator which moves visibly and regularly, and thus on a scale, fifty times magnified, denotes the progress in growth. Both disc and indicator are metal, and when brought in contact with an electric hammer, the electric current being interrupted at each of the dividing interstices of the disc, the growth of the plant is as perceptible to the ear as to the eye.









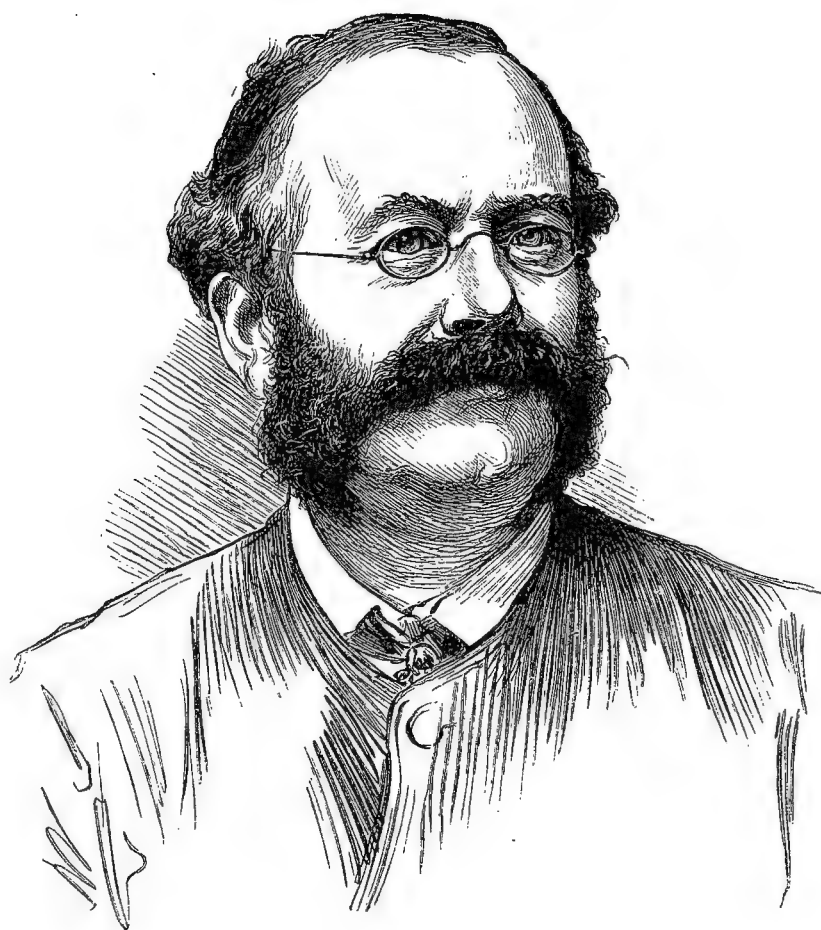
ANDREW C. GOW, ESQ., A.R.A.



FRANCIS BERNARD DICKSEE, ESQ., A.R.A.



HAMO THORNYCROFT, ESQ., A.R.A.



THE LATE WILLIAM BURGESS, ESQ., A.R.A.  
Died April 20, aged 53

NEW ASSOCIATES OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY  
DRAWN BY T. BLAKE WIRGMAN

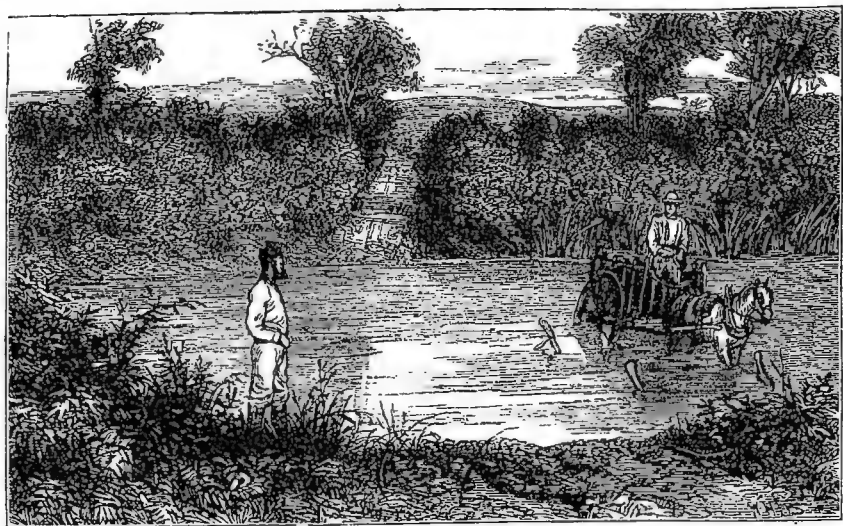




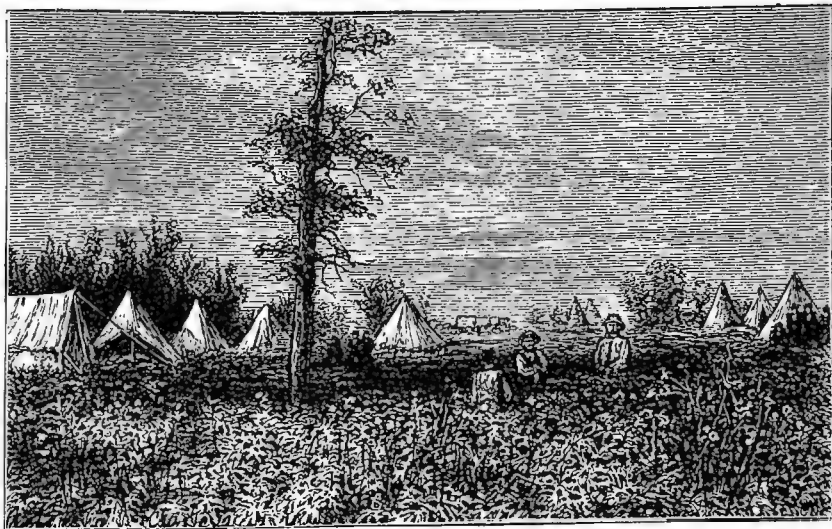
BOUNDARY SURVEY CAMP, TURTLE MOUNTAIN



A BOUNDARY COMMISSION TRAIN ON THE MARCH



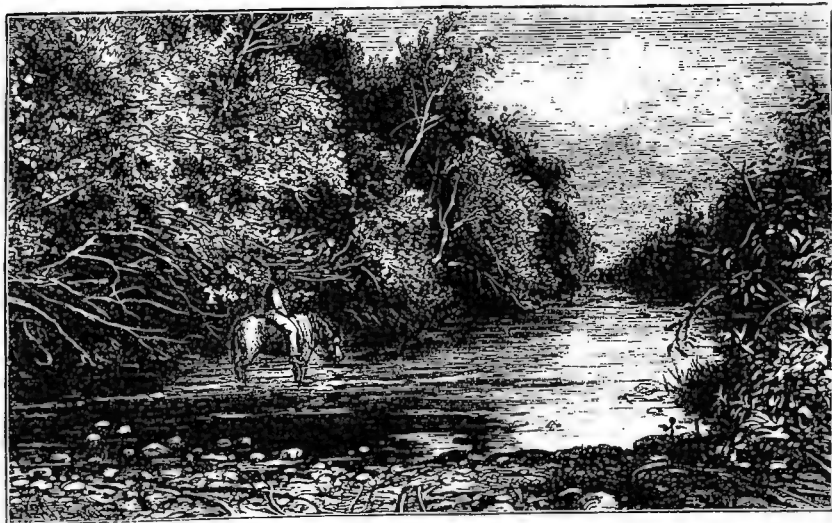
SECOND CROSSING OF THE SOURIS RIVER



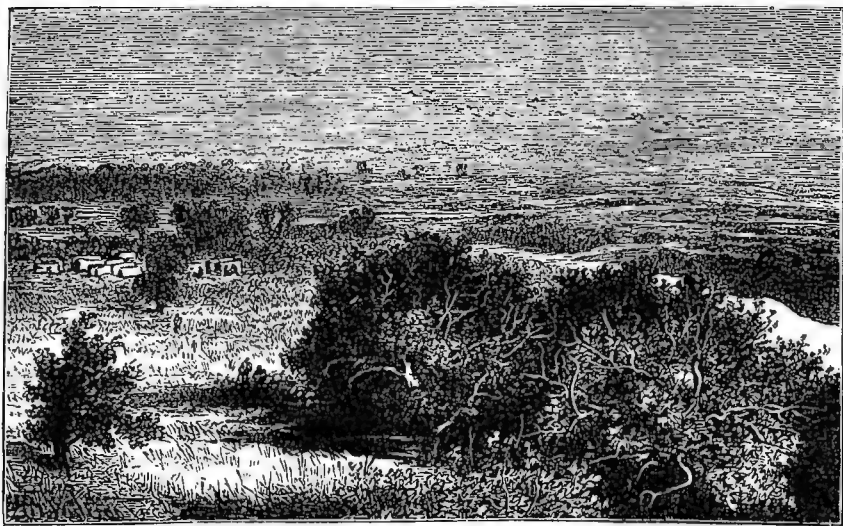
TURTLE MOUNTAIN, NORTH-WESTERN TERRITORIES, CANADA



VIEW ON THE SOURIS RIVER



CROSSING OF THE SOURIS RIVER, NEAR THE COAL REGION



SOURIS RIVER—UNDULATING PRAIRIE IN THE DISTANCE



FIRST CROSSING OF THE SOURIS RIVER, OPPOSITE THE NORTH ANTLER CREEK





**AFFAIRS IN THE EAST.**—The Porte has now unreservedly accepted the proposals of the Powers respecting the new Greek frontier, and has appointed the former Commissioners, Server, Mukhtar, and Ali Nizam Pashas and Artim Effendi to settle the details of a formal Convention. As for Greece, though up to the time of writing she has not notified her acceptance, there is now very little danger of her refusing. Her Government, however, finds considerable difficulty in settling the mode in which her compliance with the wishes of the Powers shall be announced, as the popular cry is still for war, and there has been some danger of serious disturbances at Athens. Thus the reply will probably be exceedingly curt and surly, and chiefly consist of a request for the Convention to be carried into effect without delay. The Powers have already been arranging for the details of the Convention, and the military *attachés* of the Constantinople Embassies have framed a protocol ordaining that the evacuation of the ceded territory should be conducted under the superintendence of an International Military Commission, that it should begin three weeks after the document is signed, and that it must be accomplished within three months.

There has been further fighting in Albania, where on Saturday some Turkish troops near Pristend were attacked by some 6,000 Albanians, who would have been successful had not Dervish Pasha arrived on the scene of action with reinforcements, and completely routed the insurgents. The loss is said to have been heavy on both sides, and it is certain that the Albanians fight well, and that Dervish Pasha will find it no easy task to restore order. The movement is a national one, and it now appears that before the first encounter with Dervish Pasha the Albanians had prepared a Note to the Powers asking for their country to be formed into a separate vilayet.

At CONSTANTINOPLE the chief topic continues to be the inquiry into the death of the late Sultan Abd-ul-Aziz. Further revelations have been made, and two of the accused, Mahmoud and Mourri Pashas, have now begun to incriminate each other. Fahri Bey, who was the late Sultan's chamberlain, according to his own statement, took Abd-ul-Aziz the fatal scissors, and, if certain witnesses are to be believed, took part in the murder. He has been examined before the Sultan himself, who grew very excited, and declared that he could hardly restrain himself from taking summary vengeance with his own hand. The reason why this inquiry has thus suddenly been instituted is unknown, but it is surmised that a plot has been discovered against the present Sultan, who is going to punish the assassins of Abd-ul-Aziz *pour encourager les autres*.—The long-pending difficulty with Persia respecting the Kurds under Turkish protection who have wrought such devastation on the Persian frontier is now at an end, as the Porte, having vainly summoned the chief, Obeidullah, to Constantinople to give explanations, has now consented to co-operate with the Persian Government in bringing the rebellious tribes to reason.—The Tunisian question is creating much uneasiness in official circles, but the Porte has confined itself to simple expressions of regret that France should have not found a more amicable mode of settling her difficulty with the Bey; and a report that Khairaddin Pasha was to be sent to Tunis on a special mission has been promptly contradicted.

**FRANCE AND TUNIS.**—The French have been actively pushing forward their military operations in Tunis, and have now four divisions, concentrating from four different points, upon the Kroumir country. One division occupies the mainland opposite Tabarca; a second has crossed the mountainous barrier between Algiers and Tunis, and has beaten back the hill tribes; a third has occupied Kef with one section, and is descending the River Mejerda to Beja with another; while a fourth has been landed at Biserta, which port was occupied by the French on Sunday. No resistance was offered by the Tunisians, nor indeed has there been any collision with the Tunisian people anywhere, as they have invariably retired upon the French advance. Thus Sidi Ali, when General Logerot reached Souk-el-Arba, had an interview with the French general, and, on being informed that the latter intended marching upon Beja, was requested to withdraw his troops by another route, lest any collision should occur. There have been several sharp brushes between the French and the Kroumirs, who have fought with great bravery, but have been unable to withstand the onset of disciplined troops. Still, as they pursue the true mountain method of fighting, and scatter immediately they are defeated only to reform again and reappear at another point, the French will find some difficulty in reducing them to submission. The guilty tribes, being mainly nomad, have carried all their wealth, which consists of flocks and herds, to their mountain fastnesses, whence it will be a task of considerable difficulty to dislodge them. The natives are spreading the most ghastly stories of the cruelties which the French perpetrate on the wounded and prisoners, and these have been repeated by Sidi Ali in a letter to his brother the Bey, in which he even states that he himself saw in a hut two women who had been ripped open, with their babies lying beside them. General Logerot has warmly denied the truth of these assertions.

At Tunis itself the news of the occupation of Biserta has aroused considerable indignation, and it is said that the Prime Minister and his colleagues are clamouring for a Holy War, while the Bey is doing his utmost to restrain their ardour. The Prime Minister is most anxious for war, and has had long interviews with the ecclesiastical authorities on the subject.

In FRANCE the Tunisian Expedition is the all-absorbing topic, and the progress of the various divisions is being watched with the highest interest; while numerous versions of the terms to be imposed upon the Bey are published by the newspapers—varying according to the political hue they profess—to amuse their readers. Thus home politics are somewhat at a discount, and people are almost losing sight of the fact that the dissolution of the Chamber of Deputies takes place in July, when the country will be plunged into perhaps the most momentous general election that even France has ever known.—The Committee of the Monetary Conference, whose proceedings are only exciting a very languid interest, has adopted its programme. M. Cernuschi first submitted a list of seventeen propositions dealing more with the science than the practical purposes of money, and Mr. Horton also presented a list of theoretical questions for debate. The Committee, however, wisely decided to leave all questions of theory to the general discussion, and adopted the programme suggested by the Dutch delegate, M. Vrolik. This programme sets forth five points. Firstly, whether the recent diminution and the variation in the value of silver has been injurious to commerce; secondly, whether this is due to the increase in the production or to legislative measures; thirdly, the question whether a stable relative value for silver and gold would be secured if a large group of States accord the free and unlimited coinage of both metals, with full paying power in a uniform proportion for the gold and silver contained in the monetary unit of each metal; fourthly, if such be the case, what measure should be taken to reduce to a minimum the oscillation in the ratio between the two metals; fifthly, in adopting bi-metallicism what should be the ratio between the weight of pure gold and silver contained in the monetary units.

Paris has been freely criticising the works in the Salon, which opened to the public on Monday. The number of pictures this year

only amounts to 2,500—half the number admitted last season, and the exhibition is of more than the usual interest, as it is now managed by the artists themselves, instead of, as heretofore, by the State. One of the most noteworthy pictures is M. Detaille's painting of the distribution of flags last year to the regiments in the Bois de Boulogne. The portraits of M. Grévy, Gambetta, and the Ministers are said to be striking. M. Gambetta is also portrayed in another painting by Joseph Blanc, destined for a panel in the Panthéon. The subject is a Roman, followed by a Bishop bearing the holy oil, by another Bishop writing on tablets, and a monk and the Roman, but is held back by the soldiers. Following the practice of many of the Old Masters, the figures have been endowed with modern faces. Thus, M. Gambetta is the Roman, Prince Napoleon and M. Spuller the two Bishops, the monk the late M. Adam, the novice a well-known comedian, the soldier M. Clemenceau, and one of those holding him back M. Lockroy. This picture will furnish unlimited food for squibs for the laughter-loving Paris journals. Altogether the pictures are of a much higher order of merit than of late years. M. de Neuville sends two capital contributions, "St. Privat" and "Un Porteur des Dépêches," while one of the gems of the exhibition is a picture by Jan Verhas of the march-past of the schools during the silver wedding of the King and Queen of the Belgians.—The only dramatic novelty is a comedy, *Monte Carlo*, at the Gymnase, by Eugène Nus and Adolphe Belot.

**RUSSIA.**—The Czar and the Empress still continue in retirement at Gatchina, and the former has as yet made no overt sign of what line of policy he has determined to adopt. In the mean time the Nihilists are energetically continuing the campaign. Throughout the recent Easter festivities, numerous Easter eggs were scattered about Moscow, containing revolutionary proclamations, urging the peasantry to refuse to pay taxes and to seize the lands, while the "Executive Committee" have issued yet another manifesto, enumerating the various Socialists who have received the "martyr's crown," taunting the new Czar with the statement that the first act of his autocratic will was to hang a woman, declaring that the gallows would not frighten the Socialists from their path, warning the Czar that "a policy of reaction, according to the traditions of Alexander II., will inevitably lead to consequences of far greater import for the Government than those of March 13," and appealing to all who "do not revel in the name of slave," to come forward and help in the impending struggle for the freedom and welfare of the Russian nation.

An anti-Jewish movement has taken place in Southern Russia, and at Elizabetgrad serious riots occurred in Easter week, when the peasantry ill-treated the Jewish dealers, and the disturbance was only quelled by the arrival of troops. At other places the Jews have been seriously threatened.

In GERMANY also the anti-Semitic movement has broken out afresh, and at Argenau serious excesses have been committed upon the Jews. This agitation, it is thought, will be of considerable use to Prince Bismarck during the forthcoming elections, when the Chancellor intends to conduct an energetic campaign against the Progressists. He has begun already by bitterly inveighing against the Deputies of Berlin, which he declared was too strongly represented in Parliament. Indeed, Prince Bismarck has even threatened to remove the capital to some more docile abode, and has accordingly shelled for a time the Bill for the long talked-of German Parliament House on the Königsplatz. The Emperor and the Crown Prince are said to be opposed to any idea of moving the capital, but Prince Bismarck's organ warmly supports the suggestion, declaring that an international band of conspirators are moving towards Berlin, and are "already weaving their plots in this city." The latest cause of offence to Prince Bismarck is the enormous rent tax imposed by the civic authorities upon officials who inhabit State residences rent free—the tax sometimes amounting to 87 per cent. of their salaries. The Chancellor has introduced a Bill to reduce this tax to 10 or 15 per cent., and advocated his measure in the most bitter language, warmly inveighing against the Berlin authorities. The Bill was only passed by a majority of six, and this has not lessened his animosity to the Berliners.

**INDIA.**—The evacuation of Southern Afghanistan was completed on the 27th ult., when the rear guard of General Hume's column entered Chaman. The march from Candahar was accomplished without the loss of a single man, and the robbery of a few camels and half a dozen rifles stolen at night formed the only mischance.

**SOUTH AFRICA.**—Sir Hercules Robinson has now gone to Natal to preside over the Royal Commission which is to settle the details of the peace convention with the Boers. In the mean time the Commission has been holding preliminary sittings. The surrender of Potchefstroom, which was obtained by the treacherous concealment of the armistice by the Boers from the garrison, has been the chief topic, and Sir Evelyn Wood demands the right of reoccupation by the British troops. It is said that the Boer leaders have shown a conciliatory spirit, and appear determined to maintain peace, but the same can hardly be said of their followers, while the feeling amongst the Europeans and the loyalist Boers, who have been ruthlessly plundered, is wholly against the proposed settlement. Large numbers of loyalists are leaving the country, and monster protestation meetings are being constantly held throughout South Africa, while a native rising is looked upon as far from improbable.

Sir Hercules Robinson, having been asked to mediate between the Basutos and the British Government, has given his award. According to this the Disarmament Law is to be maintained, but any Basuto may retain his rifle by obtaining the sanction of a magistrate, and paying a yearly fee of 1*l.* Compensation for damages is to be paid by the Basutos, who are also fined 5,000 head of cattle for venturing to revolt.



**THE QUEEN** visited Lord Beaconsfield's grave at Hughenden on Saturday. Accompanied by the Princess Beatrice, Her Majesty drove over from Windsor, and was received at Hughenden Church by Lord Rowton, Sir Philip Rose, and the Vicar, the Rev. H. Blagden, and Mrs. Blagden, who conducted the Royal party over the church, pointing out the late Earl's favourite seat. The Queen and Princess then entered the vault, and laid a floral wreath and cross on Lord Beaconsfield's coffin, afterwards going to Hughenden Manor, where they took tea, and inspected the house before returning to Windsor. In the evening the Princess Louise and the Duchess of Connaught arrived at the Castle, the Duke and Prince Leopold following later on from attending the Royal Academy Banquet. Sunday being the Duke of Connaught's thirty-first birthday, he was serenaded in the morning by the choir of St. George's Chapel, the usual Royal salutes and bell-ringing being deferred till next day. Her Majesty and the Royal Family attended Divine Service in the private chapel, where Canon Barry preached, and in the evening there was a small dinner-party, Princess Christian joining the visitors. Next day the Princess Louise and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught left the Castle, and Princess Christian's two daughters lunched with the Queen. In the afternoon Her Majesty held a Council, when Lord Carlingford took the oath and

kissed hands on his appointment as Lord Privy Seal, and Mr. Justice Kay was knighted. On Tuesday Her Majesty, with the Princess Beatrice and Prince Leopold, came up to Buckingham Palace, where the Duchess of Edinburgh, and her children and the three Princesses of Wales, visited the Queen. In the afternoon a Drawing Room took place. In the evening the Princess Beatrice and Prince Leopold went to the Strand Theatre. Next day the Prince and Princess of Wales and their children lunched with Her Majesty. Princess Beatrice went to the Society of Painters in Water Colours and the Grosvenor Gallery, and in the afternoon Her Majesty and the Princess Beatrice visited the Princess Louise at Kensington Palace. On Thursday the Queen held a second Drawing Room, and would return to Windsor yesterday (Friday).

The Prince and Princess of Wales on Saturday afternoon attended the wedding of Lord Brooke and Miss Maynard at Westminster Abbey, and were present at the breakfast, Princess Louise and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught also being of the party, while Prince Leopold acted as best man. The Prince of Wales and his two brothers went to the Royal Academy banquet in the evening. On Sunday the Prince and Princess attended Divine Service, and received the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh at luncheon, while next day they visited the exhibition of paintings by M. Aivazovsky, the Prince buying two pictures of Capri and Gibraltar. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught and Princess Louise dined with the Prince and Princess, and accompanied them to the Opera Comique, the same party going on Tuesday night to the Royal Italian Opera. On Wednesday evening the Prince left for Vienna, to be present at the Austrian wedding. The Prince will probably visit the Peterborough Agricultural Show on June 23, when a large gathering of bicyclists will form a guard of honour.

The Duchess of Edinburgh returned from Russia at the end of last week, having paid a short visit to the German Imperial Family on her way home. The Duke met her at Dover.

The King and Queen of Sweden arrived at Bournemouth on Monday.—Brussels has been bidding farewell to the Princess Stéphanie by a splendid public *fête* on Monday, where the Princess was loaded with floral gifts from various Societies, while a few days before a grand farewell reception was held at the Palace of Laeken. The bride-elect, with her parents and little sister, left Brussels on Wednesday, and was expected to reach Vienna yesterday (Friday), going thence to Schönbrunn until the Princess's formal entry into the capital on Monday. The wedding takes place on Tuesday.



**ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.**—The anxiously expected appearance of Madame Albani has, not for the first time, roused the Covent Garden public to something like enthusiasm. The opera selected for the occasion was *Rigoletto*—and judiciously so, for since Angiolina Bosio, the London original, there has been no Gilda to compare with that of the richly endowed Canadian, who portrays the character and sings the music as Verdi himself might desire. Madame Albani was at her best on Saturday, entering more sympathetically than ever into the character of the Jester's ill-starred daughter, and enhancing the charm of her performance by the grace and finish of her vocalisation. Her reappearance in short, was as brilliant a success as her warmest admirers could have wished. Her companions, moreover—Madame Scalchi, a Maddalena now for some years accredited; Signor Marini, a Duke who, if he would but condescend to give a simple phrase here and there without superfluously dwelling upon it, might be still more acceptable; Signor Sante Athos, who, with a really good barytone, sings the music assigned to Rigoletto more than fairly, but has the smallest conceivable notion of the dramatic meaning of that estimable personage; and Signor Silvestri (*pace* Tagliafico), by no means an inefficient Sparafucile—all did their best, as also did the orchestra and chorus, under the able direction of Signor Bevilacqua. On the Tuesday following Madame Albani appeared as the heroine of Gounod's *Faust* (or *Faust e Margherita*, as it is styled at Covent Garden), a part in which she has so repeatedly won distinction. In the Garden scene, and especially in the great love-duet with Faust, she was fairly irreproachable. Madame Trebelli's first appearance at the Royal Italian Opera was a genuine success. The esteemed *contralto* was welcomed with the utmost cordiality, and established her claims to consideration by her admirable delivery of the air, "Parlatele d'amor," when Siebel gathers flowers to make a nosegay for Margaret, and the interpolated ballad, "Quando a te lieta." Enough to add that the other parts of consequence were sustained by M. Vergnet (*Faust*), M. Gailhard (Mephistopheles), Mlle. Ghiotti (Martha), and Signor Sante Athos (Valentine)—all more or less creditably, though scarcely in every particular up to the mark of the Royal Italian Opera. The general performance, directed by the new conductor, M. Dupont, was excellent. Madame Semblich has appeared again as Lucia, and also as Amina (*La Sonnambula*), in each instance confirming the lively impression created a twelvemonth since by her exceptional ability. For this evening the *Puritani* of Bellini, with Madame Albani as Elvira, is announced.

**CONCERTS.**—Some interesting concerts have been given since our last, but space will not allow more than a glance at one or two. Prominent among them was Mr. Manns's "Benefit Concert" at the Crystal Palace, the programme of which contained, among other features of attraction, the overtures recently composed by Johannes Brahms, and publicly played for the first time at Breslau, in January of the present year, when the degree of Doctor in Philosophy was conferred upon him by the University of that town. Both are conferred upon him by the University of that town. Both are scholarly and interesting, but it is likely that the second, in D minor, entitled "Tragic Overture," will eventually bear away the palm from the first, in C major, called "Academic Festival Overture," in which a number of German students' songs, terminating with the universally known "Gaudemus igitur," are ingeniously used as themes. Besides the new overtures, vocal music was contributed by Mlle. Mantilla and Signor Perugini, members of the Royal Italian Opera Company, as well as by our own *contralto*, Miss Hope Glenn; a pianoforte concerto (Beethoven's No. 5), by Mr. Franz Rummel, so highly thought of in the United States; a Ballade and Polonaise (Vieuxtemps), played by a talented young violinist, Mlle. Babette Lobach; with other pieces, including the "Scène d'amour" and "Reine Mab" *scherso* from Berlioz's *Roméo et Juliette* (executed in perfection by the orchestra). The overture to Mozart's *Nozze de Figaro* began classically, and the "Petite Polka Chinoise," a *jeu d'esprit* of Rossini's later years, never intended for public performance, ended an excellent programme, with which, for the most part, the audience appeared thoroughly content; otherwise, indeed, they would have been hard to satisfy.—The first of Mr. Ganz's series of "Orchestra Concerts" brought a large audience to St. James's Hall, and on the whole made an excellent impression. The novelty of importance was that singularly wild, incoherent, and yet essentially poetic creation of Berlioz's youthful days, styled by himself (very appropriately) "Symphonie Fantastique," but more generally accepted, by the French composer's sincere admirers, as *Episode de la Vie d'un Artiste*. Difficult as it is to obtain even a moderately good performance of this exacting work, enough appeared to show



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that it must have been earnestly studied by the conductor (Mr. Ganz himself), and diligently rehearsed by the fine orchestra under his control. The effect produced upon the audience was evidently divided; some who advocate the "advanced school" seemed highly pleased, while others (the majority) could evidently make neither head nor tail of it. That the "Symphonie Fantastique," notwithstanding the more or less exciting stories connected with its origin, can ever become "popular," in the strict sense, of its popularity justly belonging to *La Damnation de Faust*, many parts of *Romeo et Juliette*, and other emanations from the same pen, is out of the question. Mainly it has small external interest for people unacquainted with the conditions under which it was written, and those who affect to explain its purport would labour under some perplexity but for the "confessions" vouchsafed by its author, and even then be considerably in the dark. The *Ronde du Sabbat*, with which the *Dies Ira* becomes somehow mixed up, is sheer cacophony. All, as Mr. W. Barrett, the learned and ingenious commentator, remarks, "goes head over heels," and this despite the most elaborately-confused devices of contrapuntal invention. When somebody said to Cherubini, "Berlioz n'aime pas la fugue," he spoke truly; as did Cherubini in his retort, "Et la fugue n'aime pas Berlioz." A brilliant and undisputed success at this concert was the performance of Liszt's rhapsodical concerto in E flat, by Madame Sophie Menter, one of the Hungarian master-pianist's favourite pupils. So fine in all respects was her execution of this peculiar work that every intelligent hearer must have longed to hear her in something more nearly resembling "absolute music." The concert, which was generally approved, also included pianoforte solos by the same lady, and singing by Mlle. Louise Pyk, beginning with the overture to *Egmont* (Beethoven), and ending with that to the *Merry Wives of Windsor* (Otto Nicolai). Mr. Ganz conducted, and Herr Pollitzer was the leading violin.



THE MAY MEETINGS are now in full swing, their very multiplicity rendering impossible more than the barest reference. Amongst those which have been held this week are the Wesleyan Missionary Society, the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Sunday School Union, the Church of England Sunday School Institute, the Church of England Temperance Society, the London City Mission, the Church Pastoral Aid Society, the Charity Organisation Society, Mr. Spurgeon's Pastors' College Conference, the Society for the Promotion of Christianity among the Jews, the Religious Tract Society, and the Ragged School Union.

THE DIFFICULTIES OF THE CHURCH, in the opinion of Archdeacon Darby, of Chester, are not nearly so serious as most people imagine. He thinks that "chattering alarmists" alone cry out that the Church is in danger; and that the present difficulties of the Church as compared with those of former times bear the same proportion as the squibs and crackers of the 5th of November bear to the original plot of Guy Faux.

A PREACHING CONTEST is to precede the election by the ratepayers of St. Saviour's, Southwark, of a successor to their former clergyman, the late Rev. S. Benson. The Committee of the Vestry have selected six candidates, who are each in their turn to occupy the pulpit during the next six Sundays, commencing to-morrow and ending on the 12th prox., after which the ballot will be taken.

A SILENT BURIAL, the first of its kind which has ever taken place in this country, was performed at Sheffield on Tuesday. The deceased having been deaf and dumb, and all the twelve mourners being afflicted in a like manner, the funeral service was entirely conducted in sign language by the superintendent of the Sheffield Deaf and Dumb Association.

ST. JOHN'S TOWER, CHESTER, the ruins of which we illustrated last week, is to be rebuilt. A preliminary meeting has already been held under the presidency of the Mayor, and an appeal for subscriptions will shortly be made throughout the whole country.

OBITUARY.—Mr. Edward Miall, late M.P. for Bradford, the founder and editor of the *Nonconformist*, died on Friday last in his seventy-second year. Before taking to literature, he was for some years a Congregational minister at Ware and Leicester. He came to London in 1841, started the *Nonconformist*, and helped to organise the Anti-State Church Association, which still exists under the title of the Liberation Society. He sat in Parliament for Rochdale from 1852 to 1857, and again for Bradford from 1869 to 1874, and at all times took a leading part in the agitation concerning "Dissenters' grievances." In 1863 his admirers presented him with a purse of 5,000 guineas, and in 1870, when he retired from public life, they made him another present of double that sum. The editorship of the *Nonconformist* was about six years ago transferred to his brother.

### THE GROSVENOR GALLERY

IN the present exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery, the kind of work that gave a distinctive character to the earlier displays appears in diminished force. Not only Mr. Burne Jones who, by the originality of his genius, holds a place apart from the rest, but most of the painters who have been greatly influenced by the immature Art of the early Italian schools, are absent.

By Miss E. Pickering there are two large allegorical pictures of the most archaic kind, "The Angel of Death" and "The Grey Sisters," which, despite their rigid formalities and their mannerism, are interesting by reason of the obvious sincerity of purpose which they display. Mr. Walter Crane, whose skill in decorative design is incontestable, sends a picture, illustrating an old Northumbrian ballad, "The Laidley Worm of Spindleton Heugh," showing a great deal of fancy, but *bizarre* in style beyond measure.

A very different kind of Art is that to be seen in Sir Coutts Lindsay's very large picture, "The Boat of Charon." The description in the "Divina Commedia" of the departure of "the spirits of depraved men," and women, too, is here realised with extraordinary power. The picture bears evidence of a careful study of the works of the great masters of the Renaissance, and especially of Michael Angelo, but it is nevertheless thoroughly original in design and treatment. The subject is grandly conceived, and the general effect solemn and impressive. Virgil stands on the shore and points out to the terror-stricken Dante, who clings to him for support, "the faint and naked ghosts" of Medea, of Paolo and Francesca di Rimini, of Ugolino, and other victims of misdirected love. His figure is full of dignity, and that of Charon who, with strenuous energy, is pushing off the boat, is nobly designed. There are a few imperfections in the work, some of which might be easily remedied, but as a whole it is worthy of sincere admiration.

Mr. W. L. Richmond is a large contributor, his most important work being a large frieze-like composition, illustrating the Parable of the Wise and Foolish Virgins, called "Behold the Bridegroom Cometh." A decorative kind of treatment has here been adopted; there is little colour in the picture, and no attempt has been made to imitate the relief and rotundity of nature. The attitudes of the figures, all clad in loose and flowing robes, are skillfully varied, and they are designed with masterly skill. The architecture,

too, which forms an important part of the composition, has evidently been most carefully studied. Of the portraits by this artist, the half-length of "H. R. H. the Princess Louise" seems to us the best. The finely formed head, seen almost in profile, is a masterpiece of drawing and modelling, but it wants the glow of life and health. That Mr. Richmond, though an absolute master of design, is not gifted with a fine sense of colour, we have still more striking evidence in the portrait of "The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Salisbury." The picture, it is needless to say, is in many respects excellent, but the flesh-tints are opaque and clay-like, and the general effect discordant. The stately half-length of "The Hon. Mrs. Lyulph Stanley," in a picturesque Venetian dress, is far less open to objection; the head, illumined only by reflected light, is splendidly painted, but it might be improved by the admixture of a little cool colour. Of the group of pictures by Mr. G. F. Watts, the small allegorical composition, "The Genius of Greek Poetry," is perhaps the finest. We have seen few modern works so grand in conception or so large and simple in style. That it somewhat resembles a design by Michael Angelo detracts nothing from its value. There is also a full length semi-nude figure, "Arcadia," remarkable for the noble way in which the pendant white drapery is disposed, and a dignified portrait of "Miss Venetia Bentinck." The beautiful composition, "Endymion," and the half-length figure, "The Wife of Pygmalion," both admirable examples of the artist's work, have been seen before.

Mr. Millais' picture of a young girl with a basket of freshly plucked violets in her hands fully justifies the title, "Sweetest Eyes Ever Seen," appended to it. Here will be recognised the same lovely innocent face that appears in the artist's "Cinderella" at the Academy, and animated by the same bright intelligent expression. It suffers nothing by comparison with that work as regards either general harmony of colour or completeness. Mr. Millais also sends a life-sized sketch, evidently painted with great rapidity, of "Mrs. Kate Perugini," with her back to the spectator, looking over her left shoulder, remarkable for the spontaneous grace of the attitude as well as for its masterly handling. By Sir Frederick Leighton there is a very gracefully treated half-length portrait of "Mrs. Algernon Sartoris," full of refinement and beauty, and charming in expression. It wants only living colour in the face; the shell-like opalescent tints that we find here, as in most of his works on a small scale, however beautiful they may be, are certainly not true.

Mr. Alma-Tadema's very small "Ave Caesar,—Io Saturnalia" is identical in subject with a large work which he exhibited many years ago at the Academy, but it resembles it neither in composition nor in treatment. The incident is portrayed with great dramatic power. The figure of the terrified Claudius, who is emerging from his hiding-place, and that of the Centurion who is bowing to him with exaggerated humility, are most expressive in their movements. The picture is full of carefully-considered and elaborately-wrought detail, and everything is painted with marvellous imitative and manipulative skill. The advantages of working on so very small a scale are, however, by no means obvious. There are many beauties in this picture, and in the miniature "Portrait" that hangs by it, that can scarcely be discerned by those not gifted with microscopic eyes. The influence of this painter is to be seen in a small picture, "A Daughter of Eve," hanging on the opposite side of the Gallery, by Mr. J. Collier. The figure of the girl, who is plucking apples as she lies extended on an antique wall, is gracefully designed; the workmanship is excellent and the effect luminous, but the colour of the sky is not quite in keeping with the rest.

Mr. Hubert Herkomer sends a large low-toned and impressive landscape, "The Gloom of Idwal." The rocky gorge here depicted is enveloped in gloom, save where a gleam from the setting sun illumines with a rosy tint the clouds hanging about the mountains. With great power the painter has rendered a grand and striking effect of Nature, and one of a very evanescent kind. In a large upright landscape, "Breezy England," Mr. P. R. Morris has succeeded in conveying a very vivid impression of light and movement. The figures in the foreground which give animation to the scene, including the horses, the dogs, and the ducks, are admirably introduced. Entirely different in motive, but not less good in its way, is the landscape with small figures, "The Flight into Egypt," by Mr. T. Armstrong. The subject is treated in a simple decorative manner, and it looks like a design for tapestry. The composition and the balance of light and shade are excellent, and the colour sombre and harmonious.

In Mr. Cecil Lawson's large picture, "The Valley of Desolation, Yorkshire," the sky is full of movement and powerfully painted; but the foreground is thoroughly conventional, and as a whole the picture is not suggestive of Nature. A river scene of great natural beauty, "Orchardleigh, Somerset," has been depicted by Mr. A. Parsons with rare ability; the tone of colour is pure and luminous, and all the varied details of the vegetation are faithfully portrayed.

Besides the fine landscape already mentioned, Mr. Herkomer sends a life-sized head of "John Ruskin, Esq.," in water-colours, full of individuality, and painted with combined delicacy and force. Mr. Poynter has a grandly designed and expressive head of "Judith;" and M. Alphonse Legros a picture of "An Old Wood-Burner," in his usual manly and austere style. By Mr. Carl Schloesser there is a small picture of a young lady of refined beauty receiving a singing lesson from an aged professor; and another in which an elderly beau is seen arranging his cravat before a looking-glass, called "The Finishing Touch." Besides being admirably painted, both pictures are remarkable for truth of character and expression.



THE TURF.—The Sandown Meeting, which was held on the concluding days of last week, though it attracted Royal visitors and a large assembly of Turfites, was not productive of anything like first-class sport, the only really good race being that for the Grand International Steeplechase. For this a field of seven came to the post, and it must be allowed that they represented quality among steeplechasers. Regal and Woodbrook were Grand National winners, while Fair Wind, Torpedo, Abbot of St. Mary's, and New Glasgow have all shown first-class form across country. The Irish horse Torpedo, with his light weight, was made first favourite, and after him Abbot of St. Mary's and Fair Wind. But the calculations of the clever people were all out, as were the professional prophets, for old Regal secured the prize by a neck. It was thought, however, that had not the rider of Torpedo lost a stirrup the result would have been different.—In hardly more favourable weather than that in which the Craven was held a fortnight ago, the Newmarket First Spring Meeting has been celebrated this week. The usual Newmarket business was gone through on the first day with various plates and handicaps; but it may be noted that Isabel, who is looked on as one of the crack youngsters of the season, ran behind both Last Born and Bras de Fer, though odds were laid on her in a field of seven. On the following day, however, with the odds of 3 to 1 against her in a field of three, she beat the speedy Belle Laurette, on whom 3 to 1 was laid.—It is hardly necessary to say that the Two Thousand Guineas was the great race of the week, and for this the two winter favourites, Hal Gal and St. Louis, had gone wrong and been scratched. It came, therefore, to be looked upon as a very open event, and there was no better favourite than Scobell

at 4 to 1. Golden Plover was next in demand, with Cameliard, Tristan, Peregrine, and Wandering Nun in the order named. Again, for the most part, the vaticinators of the Press, the private tipsters, and judges of racing were wide of the mark, as Peregrine, the winner, though supported heavily in the market a few days ago, had receded, and his supporters receded too. However, he won the race like a sterling good horse, and naturally became first favourite for the Derby. Peregrine is a son of Pero Gomez and Adelaide, and was retained in the Russley stable at the sale of the Duke of Westminster's stud. He was a "dark" horse, and this is the third animal of that kind that Mr. Peck has run for the Two Thousand within the last few years. Morier turned out an impostor, but last year Muncaster ran second, and now the dark one has won. Not one of the first four favourites got a place.

CRICKET.—Almost the only match of interest has been the Annual Freshmen's at Cambridge, Mr. Steel and Mr. Studd acting as the respective captains of the two Elevens of aspirants for University honours. The game was drawn, but some very good play was exhibited, Studd (Eton and Trinity) scored 22 and 108, the latter being a splendid innings, and doubtless he will secure his "blue." Powell (Charterhouse and King's) made 88, and Ramsay (Harrow and Trinity Hall) 57, while Don Wauchope marked 44, and was very active in the field. Lees (Uppingham and Jesus) carried off the bowling honours by taking three wickets for 38 runs.

AQUATICS.—Trickett, the ex-Champion, is making up for his reverses on the Thames. On Saturday last he won his second match against W. Kirby over three miles and three-quarters on Southampton Water. This time the course was well kept, and, though Kirby lost something by a slight accident, the Australian was evidently the better man, and won by six lengths.—On Monday last, over the Thames Championship Course, Gibson and Godwin rowed their third match, each having beaten the other once before. On the present occasion the race was well contested, Gibson leading to Craven Cottage, and Godwin from this point to Chiswick Church. Here, however, Gibson again took the lead, and by sheer hard work rowed his opponent down, winning by eight lengths.

ATHLETICS.—On Saturday last the London Athletic Club held its Second Spring Meeting at Stamford Bridge Grounds, being favoured with a large attendance. For the Ten Miles Challenge Cup Voelcker challenged Stenning, the holder, but was easily defeated. Three runners contested the 880 Yards Challenge Cup, which was secured by S. H. Baker after a grand race with Chataway and Sadler. The Hundred Yards' Trophy fell to J. M. Cowie, while Berkley again won the Three Miles' Walking Challenge Cup.

BICYCLING.—The Surrey B.C. kept their spring tryst at Kennington Oval on Saturday last, when something like 4,000 spectators witnessed this popular meeting. Lacy Hillier was the hero of the day, winning the Fifty Guineas Challenge Cup for the Ten Miles' Scratch Race in grand style. This is the second cup of the kind offered by the Surrey Bicycle Club, the first one having been won outright by H. L. Cortis last year. The Two Miles' Members' Handicap was won by G. R. Ott.—The Hampton Court Meet will take place on May 21st.

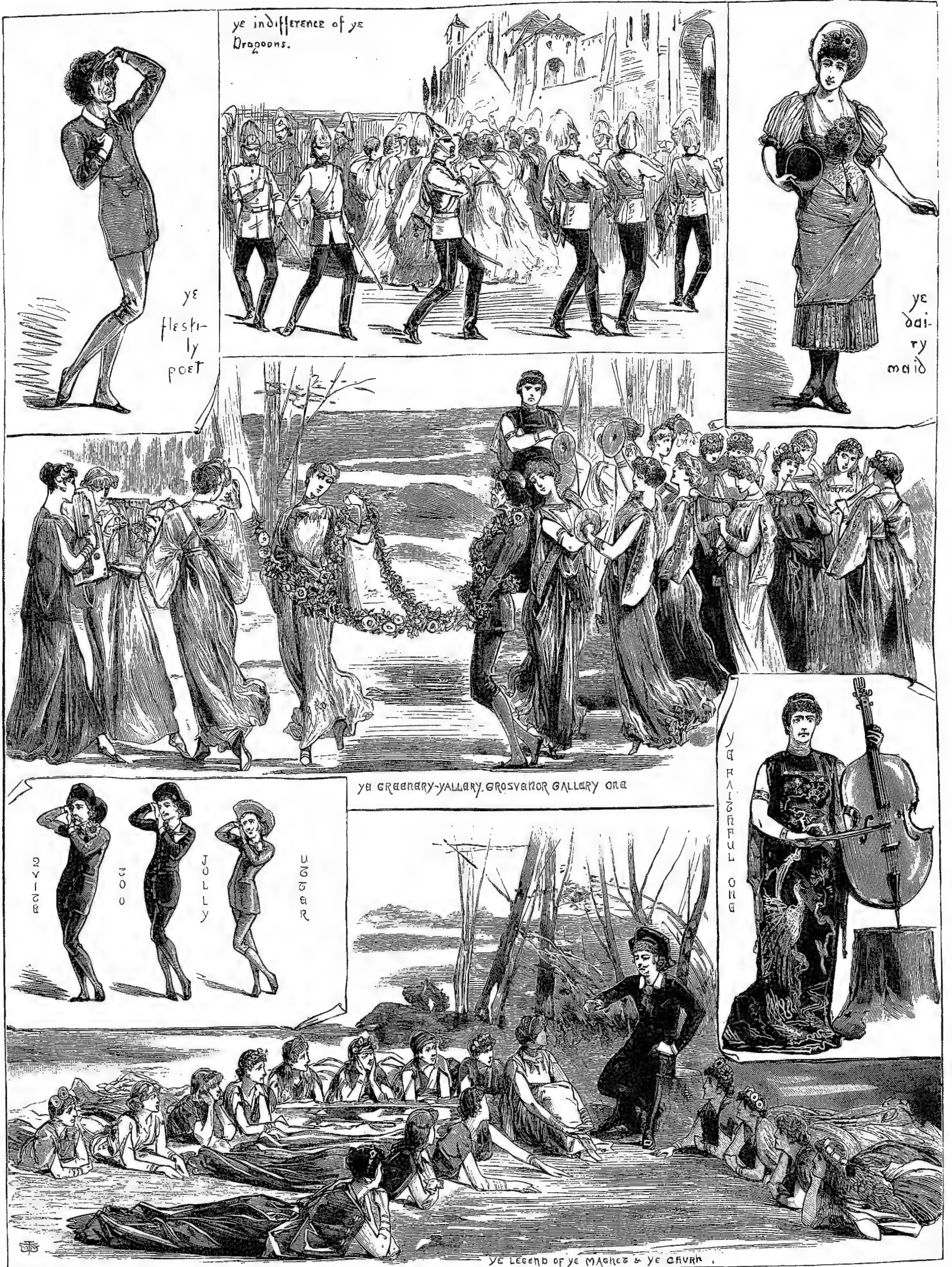
GOLF.—The Spring Meeting of the West Lancashire Golf Club was held on Saturday last at Blundel Sands. Mr. John Bell, with the excellent score of 83, secured the Gold Medal, thus winning the prize for the third time. Captain Muir took the Welsh Cup. During the afternoon a professional match was played between J. Allan ("Westward Ho") and David Lowe (Blundel Sands) against John Morris and George Lowe (Hoylake), the latter pair winning by five holes.



MR. IRVING'S experiment of raising the prices of admission to the stalls, dress circle, and boxes of the LYCEUM on the occasion of the special performances in which he appears in conjunction with Mr. Booth and Miss Ellen Terry, may possibly prove to have been as ill-advised as some prophets of evil have pronounced; but it must be confessed that the aspect of the theatre on Monday evening afforded little corroboration of these discouraging prognostications. Never has the house over which Mr. Irving rules been more closely packed with spectators than it was on that interesting occasion, and assuredly no audience was ever in a more friendly mood. Actors it has been said—and we fear with some truth—are a jealous race; but nothing could have been more courteous or more generous than the invitation of Mr. Irving to his distinguished brother in art to appear on the Lyceum stage in leading parts in the poetical drama. When Mr. Booth's father was solicited by Edmund Kean to play with him at Drury Lane, it is true that the step was not altogether of a disinterested kind. The new rival in his path was reputed to be a rather servile copyist of Kean's manner; and no doubt there was at that early period of the elder Booth's career some truth in the charge. Anyway, there is good ground for believing that Kean's hope was that when they were seen acting side by side his admirers would quickly detect both the closeness and the inferiority of the copy. The case of Mr. Irving and Mr. Booth, however, is too essentially different for any suspicion of motives of this sort. There is little affinity between the style of the two actors; and Mr. Booth is in no sense of the word a rival; for his performances in this country are but of a transient kind. Certainly the amplest opportunities are afforded to him for the display of his talents, for while he plays this week Othello to Mr. Irving's Iago, the two actors will on Monday next exchange those parts, and so on for three nights in each week until the close of these special performances. And so far is Mr. Booth from suffering from the efficiency of the representation of the other leading characters, that his impersonation, as every one must have felt who remembered his recent performances at the Princess's, gained greatly from this very cause. Leading actors are somewhat slow to learn the truth that the impression which they are able to create depends in great measure upon the general quality of the representation, though obviously all that damages the illusion of the scene must tend to foil the efforts of the most accomplished actor.

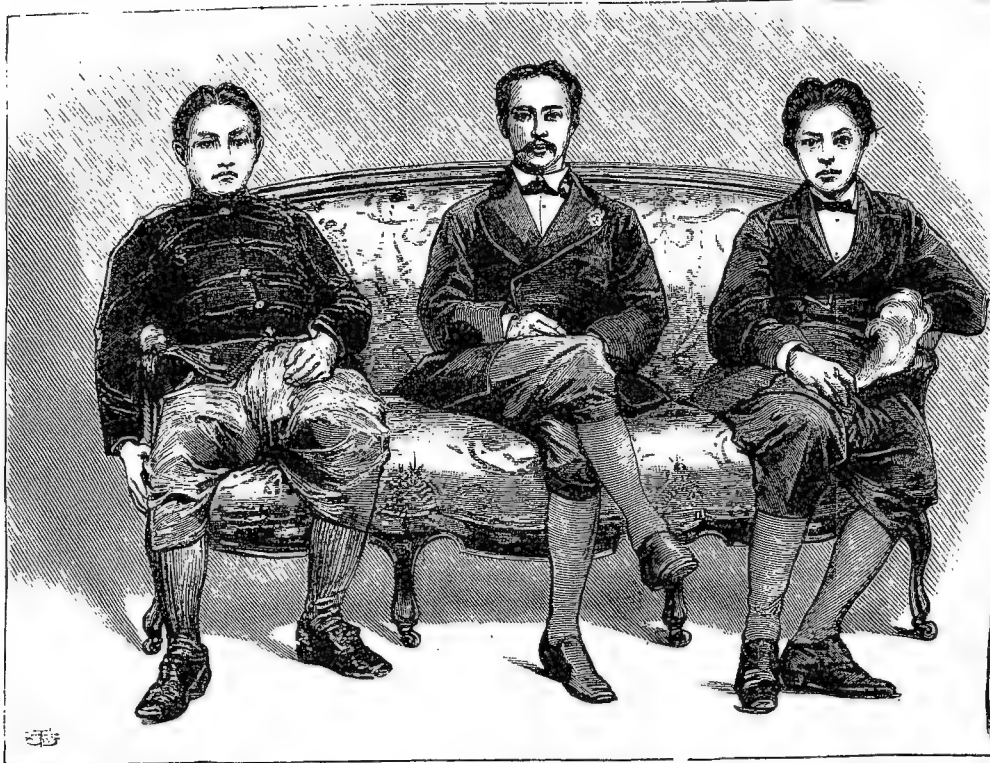
We need hardly say that Mr. Booth received at the hands of the audience at the Lyceum an enthusiastic welcome as ever felt to the lot of a popular performer. The union of the leading American and the leading English tragedian, in association with that incomparable actress Miss Ellen Terry, could not fail to awaken a feeling of pleasure; and it has been justly observed that the spectators were manifestly rather disposed to be pleased than to be critical. Yet the performance was in itself sufficiently remarkable to win admiration by its own merits. Of Mr. Booth's Othello there is now no need to speak. Its defects have been pointed out; it is not by any means his best part, yet it is, on the whole, a finely-studied and powerfully-executed conception. Mr. Irving's Iago has the advantage of being a first appearance, and it seems likely to prove one of his most successful impersonations. Its great merit is its many-sidedness, together with the skill with which the actor is enabled to harmonise its varied traits. We have it on the authority of Hazlitt that, before the advent of Edmund Kean, actors were chiefly impressed with the wickedness of the character. Kean's Iago, on the contrary, assumed a gay unconcern, and represented Othello's



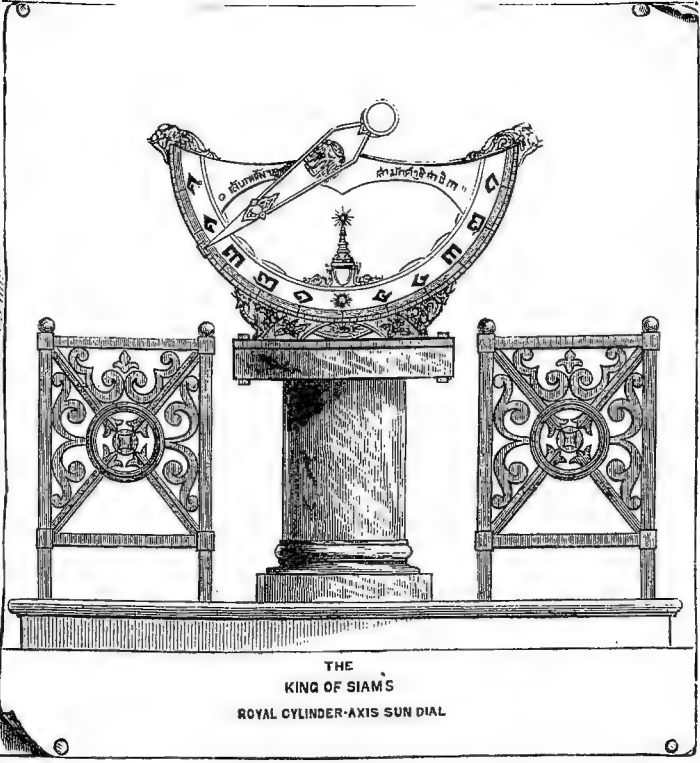


OUR ARTIST'S NOTES OF MESSRS. GILBERT AND SULLIVAN'S NEW COMIC OPERA "PATIENCE," AT THE OPERA COMIQUE

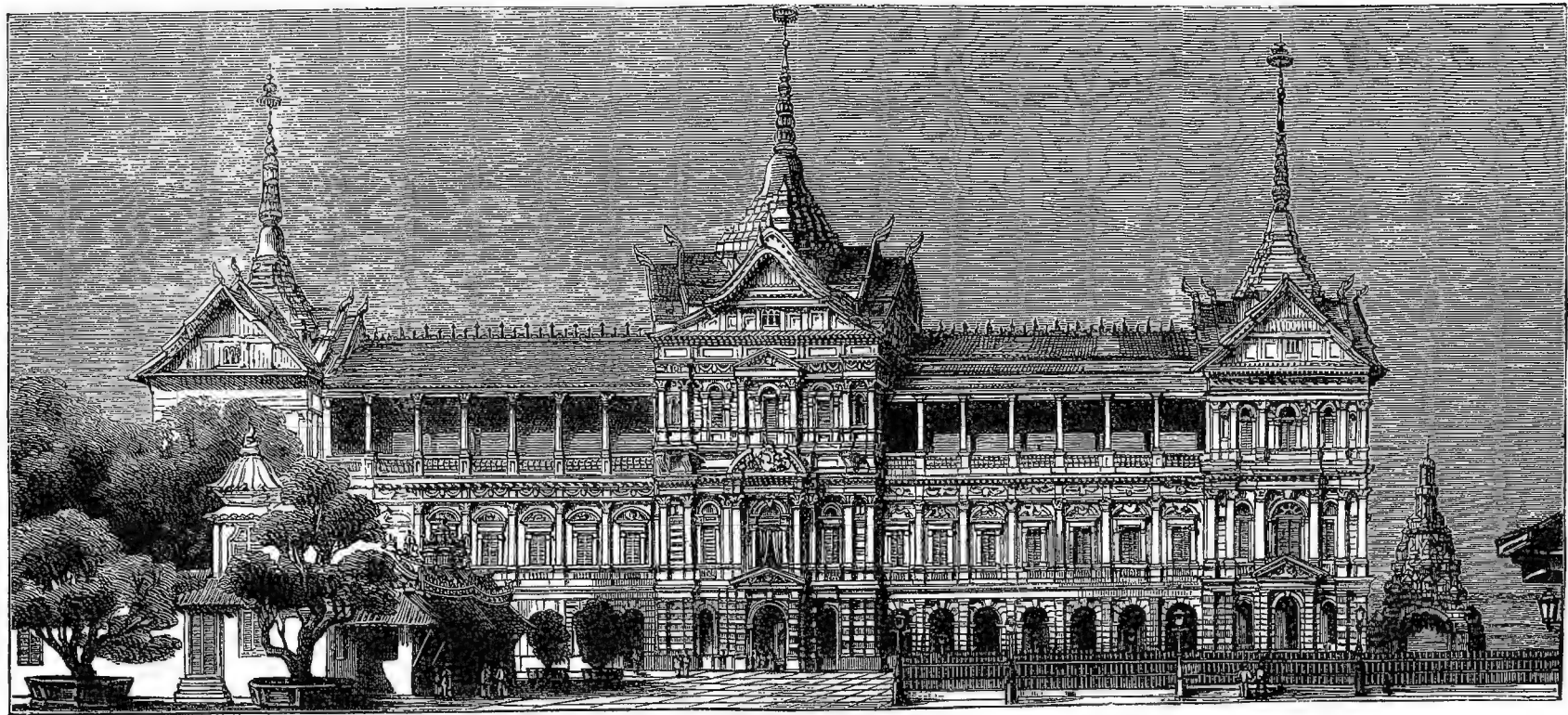




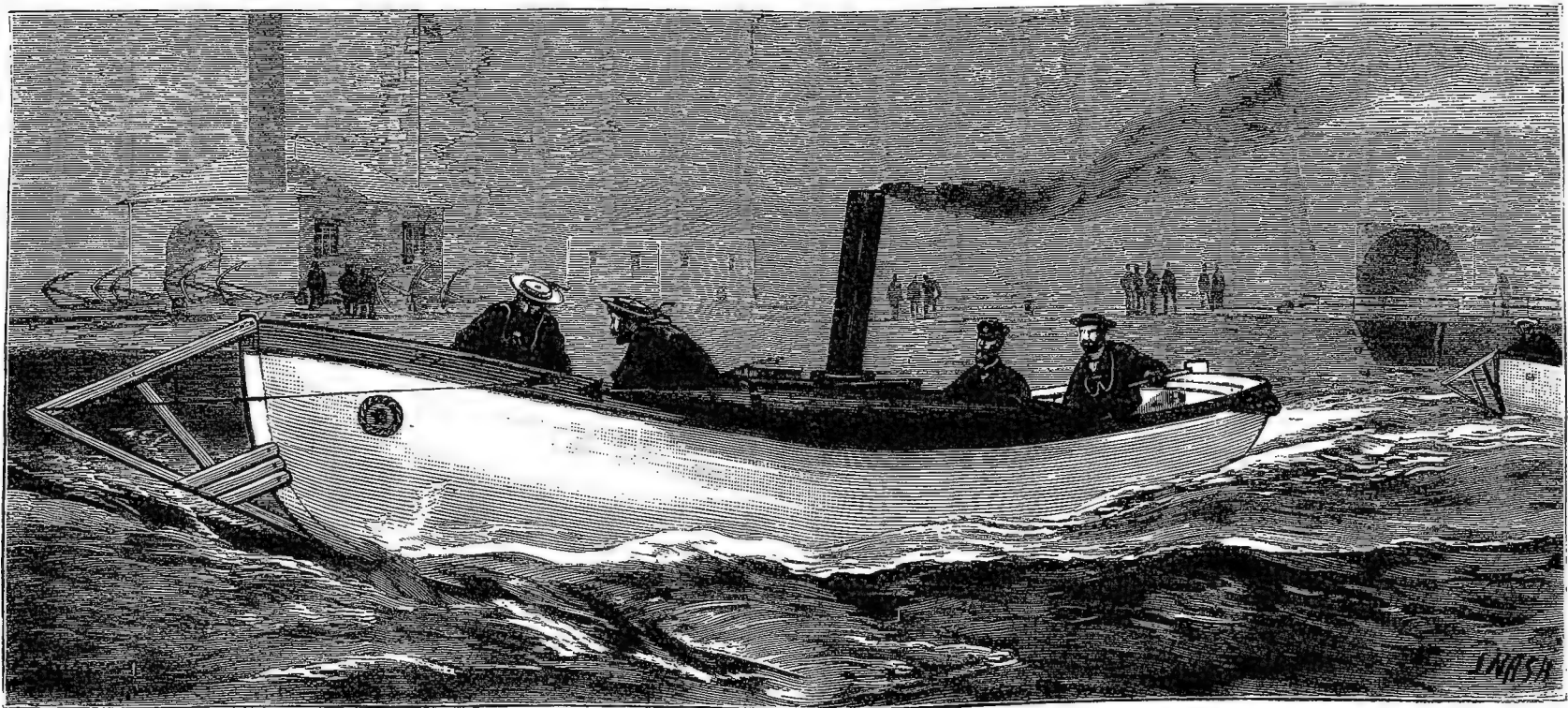
THE KING OF SIAM AND TWO OF HIS BROTHERS



NEW SUNDIAL CONSTRUCTED FOR THE KING



THE ROYAL PALACE AT BANGKOK  
SKETCHES IN SIAM



TORPEDO PRACTICE—JUMPING A BOOM



'Ancient' as affecting to be an excellent fellow and a model of good humour. Mr. Irving does not neglect Iago's hypocrisy of good fellowship, still less his vivacious, bustling activity of mind and body, which seems to carry away weaker characters, and make them easily subservient to his will. But with all this the darker lines of the character are always suggested; and often they are brought into terrible relief. The scene of the murder of Roderigo has, perhaps, never before been represented with an imaginative power at once so repulsive and yet so full of fascination. Miss Terry's Desdemona has the rare merit of presenting one of Shakespeare's most exquisite creations with all the ideal delicacy, tenderness, and sweetness of the original. The scenery, painted by Mr. Hawes Craven and Mr. Cuthbert, is highly picturesque, and the costumes, if they do not always find warrant in Vecellio, are at least very pleasing to the eye. Mr. Booth, who is apt to show some disdain for the aids of the costumier, assumes on this occasion four or five very effective changes of dress. It is too late, perhaps, now to complain of the manifest absurdity of attiring the Venetian commander-in-chief after the Moorish fashion; and doubtless audiences would resent any attempt to do violence to preconceived notions in this respect. The performance was in every way successful; and it promises to enjoy a sustained popularity.

Pressure on our space compels us to reserve our remarks on Mr. G. R. Sims's comedy, *The Member for Slocombe*, which was produced at the ROYALTY on Wednesday, until next week.

Mr. Wills's new poetical drama called *Juana* will this evening take the place of *Romeo and Juliet* at the COURT Theatre. The part of the heroine will be sustained by Madame Modjeska. On the same evening a new drama, entitled, *The Exiles of Erin; or, St. Abe and his Seven Wives*, will be produced at the OLYMPIC. It is believed to be the work of Mr. Robert Buchanan, and is founded on a humorous story in verse by that writer. Miss Harriett Jay, author of "A Queen of Connaught," will appear in this piece.

The farce known as *Ici on Parle Français*, which Mr. Toole has made so enormously popular, is to be converted into an operetta by Mr. Sydney Samuel for the use of that distinguished comedian. Mr. Toole will, we learn, sing the songs which the composer, M. de Tejada, has written for Mr. Spriggins. Mr. Collette will commence a series of afternoon performances at the IMPERIAL Theatre on Monday next.

EGYPTIAN HALL.—The clever and amusing sketch entitled *Will, Witch, and the Witch*, originally brought out by Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke about eight years ago, has been very successfully reproduced at the Egyptian Hall. It abounds in mysterious disappearances, puzzling transformations, and laughter-moving surprises. The other features of the programme are attractive and amusing. Zoë retains her popularity by her clever automatic drawings and skill in mental arithmetic. The electric organ, in the skilful hands of Mr. C. Mellon, continues to be a source of surprise and amusement.

The Mohawk Minstrels, who have so long made Islington "merrie" with the music and song, have for a brief period emigrated southwards to Astley's, now SANGER'S. The entertainment varies every few evenings, and is evidently very much appreciated.



THE "FREIHEIT."—The trial of Herr Most was to be commenced at the Central Criminal Court on Friday (yesterday). A true bill has been returned by the grand jury, who add to it their unanimous opinion that the publication in this country of incitements to assassination abroad is brutal and un-English, and should be vigorously dealt with. The Attorney-General will conduct the prosecution, and Mr. A. M. Sullivan has been retained for the defence.

"SIEVERS v. ADELMANN."—In this libel suit, just disposed of in the Queen's Bench Division, both plaintiff and defendant were ladies, and were connected with what seem to have been rival agencies for providing foreign governesses with situations. Being located close together, jealousies arose, and when it got to be known that the Duchess of Connaught had promised to attend a *soirée* in aid of the plaintiff's institution, the defendant sent to Her Royal Highness a letter full of damaging statements as to the plaintiff's character, and besides this arranged with a Mrs. Wagg to send a groom to the *soirée*. The jury decided that the letter was a libel, that the plea of justification failed, and that actual malice had been proved; and they awarded the plaintiff 130% damages—a decision which, it is to be hoped, will act as a warning to ladies who delight in mischievous tittle-tattle concerning other people's affairs.

MR. BRADLAUGH AND THE OATH.—On Monday the Court of Appeal—Lord Justices Brett, Cotton, and Bramwell—unanimously gave judgment against Mr. Bradlaugh on a point not argued at the original hearing of the case "*Clarke v. Bradlaugh*." Mr. Bradlaugh contended that the plaintiff, in alleging that he was not entitled to affirm on the ground of "want of religious belief," had imported into his replication that which he was not entitled to do by statute, and had thus rendered what would otherwise have been a good answer to the statement of defence a bad one. Lord Justice Bramwell, in giving judgment, remarked that it was as though the plaintiff had pleaded that two and two made five, and the defendant had said, "Well, if that be so, two and three must make seven."

As two and two did not make five, the Court could not undertake to say what two and three would make under the circumstances. Mr. Bradlaugh had sat and voted without taking the oath, and had not shown that he came within the exceptions laid down by the statute which allowed an affirmation to be made. There was no Act which extended to persons who had no religious belief.

THE EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY ACT.—An action just decided at Liverpool shows a defect in this Act, which ought to be remedied as soon as possible. The plaintiff was the widow of a "trimmer," who sought to recover from a firm of steamship owners compensation for the loss of her husband, who had been crushed to death in consequence of the engines of a ship in harbour having been set in motion whilst he was at work in the crank-hole, and she lost her case only because a "trimmer" is defined in the Merchant Shipping Act as a "sailor," seamen being specifically excluded from the operation of the Employers' Liability Act.

A WANTON CRIME.—At the Theatre Royal, Liverpool, on Saturday last, some wicked and mischievous person extinguished the gas on the gallery stairs, and replaced the temporary barrier used to check the ingress of the crowd when the house was opened. The consequence was the panic-stricken people tumbled over each other in their efforts to get out, and several persons were so badly injured as to necessitate their removal to the hospital. A young man named Morton, who is said to have been occasionally employed at the theatre, has been arrested on suspicion, but he asserts his innocence, and declares that he can identify the really guilty person.

THE CHATHAM MURDER.—A number of cartridges like those which were found on the landing where Lieutenant Roper was shot have been discovered in a hole in a private part of the barrack grounds at the rear of the mess-house, a fact which seems to indicate that the murderer must have been well acquainted with the barracks.

THE SLOUGH MURDER.—The trial of the boy Payne has very naturally resulted in a verdict of acquittal, there being literally nothing against him but the fact of his having been the last person known to have left the shop, and the evidence of Mr. Chabot, the "expert" in handwriting. The crime must now be added to the long list of undetected murders.

COLONEL DAWKINS having apologised for the assault which he committed on General Stephenson, and withdrawn all imputations upon his character, the General has withdrawn from the prosecution by permission of the Recorder at the Central Criminal Court.

### THE STREETS AS ART GALLERIES

THE most important and attractive contribution to the *Magazine of Art* this month is the "Design for a Poster," by Mr. Herkomer, and its accompanying article. Every one must agree with Mr. Herkomer when he says, "The hideousness and vulgarity of pictorial advertisements seem an insult to the understanding of our thinking and educated classes," and that "here is a grand opportunity for displaying Art to the populace, for, with the means usually employed, some of the most interesting works of Art could be produced." This is indisputable, and it is encouraging in the highest degree to find a popular artist, of very much more than ordinary power and ability, thus putting a fine idea into practice. There can scarcely be two opinions as to the artistic qualities of Mr. Herkomer's picture, a reproduction of which we give. It is full of grace, nobility, and fine feeling, the principal figure being a remarkably striking and refined conception. But we think it lacks the very quality which, above all others, an advertisement should possess: it is not "understood of the people." It appeals only to an educated, indeed a very well educated, section; but, beyond being a novel and beautiful mystery, it touches very slightly the minds of the million. In short it is too classical, too abstractional. The people don't know what it means, and we may be sure they will never take any great interest in things of which they are ignorant. We must begin at the other end, so to speak, and show them Art applied to the realities of to-day rather than highly-wrought abstractions inspired by Greek ideals.

It may be replied to this that an explanation of the picture is to be found in the magazine. But the same objections apply to both. What does the average working Englishman know about Michael Angelo, Giorgione, Van Eyck, or even Sir Joshua Reynolds? And what does it avail him to be told that they are represented in Mr. Herkomer's picture, and that if he wishes to enter the Temple of Art he must go their way? He does not know, and the probability is he doesn't care, anything about them. He has not been educated, and, until he is, it is no use asking him to admire classical abstractions, be they never so lovely, if their leading ideas are not plainly expressed, and do not directly appeal to him.

We may add that, before any great reform in pictorial advertising can take place, it is necessary that the contractors, most of whom make a very good thing out of the rentals for space thus occupied, should properly protect the pictures from the evil machinations of the ever-active and irrepressible Street Boy. The admirable designs drawn by Mr. G. Durand during the Franco-Prussian War, for our own advertisements, which will be in the recollection of many people, were very often hopelessly spoiled and defaced by idle and mischievous urchins, and it was this consideration which induced us to abandon several similar schemes in which pictorial designs of high artistic merit played a prominent part.

Those, however, who do go to the Magazine for an explanation of Mr. Herkomer's poster will find plenty besides to interest them, the number being in all respects a particularly good one. The frontispiece is a very admirable engraving of Frank Dicksee's picture, "The Symbol," whilst the first instalment

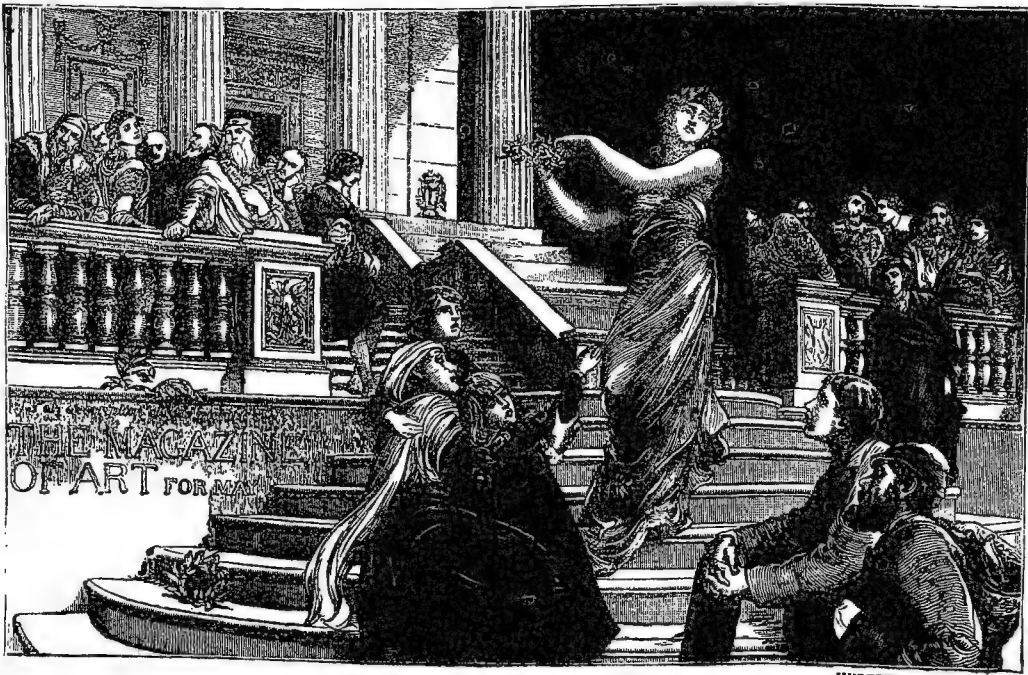
of the illustrated series, "Pictures of the Year," and the illustrations and description of Mr. Millais's house at Palace Gate, are particularly noticeable. Mr. George Wallis contributes an instructive paper on "Decorative Ironwork," and Mr. Grant Allen a very bright and pleasant article, the first of a series, on "English Birds and Their Haunts."

FOUND DROWNED.—Charles Dickens, in "Our Mutual Friend" has described a fisherman, who, with no other fishing tackle besides a rope and a grapnel, roams the silent river a early morning seeking drowned men—not to bring the bodies ashore and procure them Christian burial, but to rifle the pockets is of the clothes that enveloped them, and cast them adrift again. The obvious precariousness of such an occupation excuses the presumption that, even supposing a Thames waterman was so barbarously disposed, he would scarcely deem it worth while to take to it. According, however, to a communication recently made by the Coroner of West Kent to the Member for Greenwich, an unfortunate condition of affairs has ensued on the result of legal proceedings connected with the *Princess Alice* disaster such as may induce watermen, should they see a body floating in the Thames, to let it drift on with the tide, and take no further notice of it. Common decency and humanity may insist on its being the duty of any one who discovers a poor relic of humanity under such conditions to bring it ashore, at the same time, it is but reasonable that the person who so lends his services should at least be reimbursed for his trouble and his loss of time. It cannot be imagined that the paltry sum of one shilling is sufficient recompense, but that, according to the legal scale of charge allowed by the county in which Mr. Carttar acts as coroner, is all that that gentleman is permitted to pay the rescuer, however arduous or unpleasant the task may have been. The case to which Mr. Carttar specially refers occurred at Woolwich, where, owing to the judicial decision already mentioned, the whole expense attending the recovery and burial of drowned persons brought ashore there falls on the parish instead of on the county rate, which probably accounts for the small encouragement the parochial authorities hold out to watermen to bring them subjects for inquest.

HORSES IN COAL MINES.—A charge of cruelty was lately brought by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals against two coal-pit horse-drivers for working two poor animals who were in a deplorable condition through ill-usage, and, it being amply proved against them, a fine of 40s. each was inflicted. Of course there are pit districts, like those owned by Lord Dudley and other great coal-masters, where the mining supervision is so perfect that a brutal horse-driver would have even less chance of exercising his savage inclination to beat and torture the poor beasts entrusted to his charge than if he were working above ground, and in broad daylight. In all first-class coal-pits the greatest care is taken of the horses and ponies used in dragging the waggons and trollies over the narrow tramways laid along the "gate roads" from the interior of the mine to the "pit's eye." The stables are whitened, and beautifully clean and well-lit, the food of the animals is good and abundant, and every care is taken by the "butty" in command of that department to see that the horses are brought back to stable after their spell of labour safe and sound as when they were taken out. But there are in the country hundreds of comparatively paltry little pits in which not more than fifteen or twenty hands are employed, and in which all manner of makeshifts are adopted to eke out the at best but scanty returns. It is in such pits that the poor horses and ponies have but a sorry time of it. Hurry under such conditions is, of course, the first thing to be thought of—the greater the quantity of coal hewn from the subterranean depths and landed at the pit bank the better for the hands employed. The consequence is that, with a load at its heels, the wretched quadruped is often urged along through the pitch-dark, narrow passages, stumbling over lumps of coal that have been dropped on the way, falling on its knees, and scrambling up again, the brutal horse-driver—generally a half-grown collier lout of seventeen or so—blabouring it with the whipstock, all the time abusing it in such language that it would be good for it were it deaf as well as dumb. Coupled with this the poor pit-horse's stable is simply an excavation in the coal-pit; its bed, coal-dust; and its food barely sufficient. In such pits the miserable creatures will see daylight not more than twice a year probably. Were it practicable it would probably tend to improve the condition of the poor pit-horse were his owners compelled to bring it to the surface, say once a month, to be inspected by a competent official.

A PENNY SHOW OF SAVAGE WARRIORS.—It is much to be desired that the prosecution of the band of "performing" Zulus, together with their English masters, for creating a nuisance in the neighbourhood, will lead to permanently useful results. It is time that some check was placed on those speculative individuals who, in their capacity as showmen, regard all as fish that may be inveigled into their net, be it blue-faced baboon or Caffre, man-eating tiger, or the benighted savage that animal has a habit of making its prey. Indeed, the enterprising exhibitors in question are trammelled with much less of responsibility as regards the latter than the former. The menagerie keeper, whose show consists of predatory beasts of large size, may not with impunity turn them adrift should he find that as a show they are unprofitable. He must, in some way or other, provide for their safe keeping, or answer for the consequences. It is different when the showman speculates in human beings, provided they are barbarous and friendless. He may beguile them over to England by any promise he chooses to dazzle them with, and having served his turn here, he may "terminate the engagement," and abandon them to the tender mercies of civilisation. Over and over again we have seen the discreditable spectacle of batches of such poor savages appealing to police magistrates for advice and assistance, they having been deceived, or altogether discarded by those in whom they had trusted. They are then assisted to return to their own country, or possibly the magistrate informs them that he is unable to help them—"they have entered into a contract, and must abide by it." Helpless in a land of strangers, they are glad, as in the case in question, to figure at a back-street penny show for the sake of food and shelter.

DEAD-EYE-WITNESSES.—For many years there has been circulated a vague rumour of a scientific discovery in connection with optics, that promised to be invaluable in the conviction of suspected murderers. It was alleged that in fixing his last despairing gaze on his assailant, the individual slain conveyed to the retina the image of the former as plainly pictured almost as an ordinary photograph. Had such a discovery really been made it is not easy to imagine a more effective check on deliberate violent life-taking. Such testimony would of course be more unimpeachable and conclusive even than that of a person who professed to have witnessed the barbarous deed, as in the one case there might be a mistake in the identity of the accused, and in the other it would be well-nigh impossible. Unfortunately, however, the ingenious theory has not borne the test of practical experiment. Indeed, as appears in a recent article in the *New York Medical Journal*, a thousand separate experiments have been made by Dr. Dyer in taking "optograms" on the retina of animals, under the most favourable conditions, with not one satisfactory result. The best that could be done as regards a human face and figure was to produce on the eye of an animal the faint reflection of "a shirt collar and the tip of a nose." If there were no more convincing evidence of an accused person's guilt than this set before a jury, the strong probability is that he would be acquitted. At the same time a shirt collar and the tip of a nose are something towards a perfect picture, and should encourage still further inquiry into such an interesting subject.



HUBERT HERKOMER.



**A FESTIVAL DINNER** in aid of the Funds of the MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL will be held at WILLIS'S ROOMS, King Street, St. James's, on FRIDAY, May 13, 1881, at which the Right Hon. the EARL OF DERBY has kindly consented to preside.

**DIAMANTE BRILLIANTS.**  
W. THORNHILL & CO., SOLE AGENTS.  
The reputation of the DIAMANTE BRILLIANTS, originally introduced into England by W. THORNHILL & CO., is now permanently established. The success of their enterprise has surpassed their most sanguine expectations. "DIAMANTE BRILLIANTS" afford the only instance hitherto attained of the absolutely perfect representation of the real diamonds by artificial means. These remarkable stones, by their purity and brilliancy, support comparison with diamonds of the first water, and are undistinguishable therefrom. They are infinitely superior in every respect to real diamonds of inferior quality. DIAMANTE BRILLIANTS were exposed side by side with real diamonds of great value in the Paris Exhibition of 1875, and were awarded a Prize Medal and the highest recompense awarded to imitations. They attracted universal attention and admiration, and forthwith became much in vogue with the grand monde and elite of society. They are now worn at the Court balls, and upon all occasions in London, Paris, and St. Petersburg. They are invaluable for intermingling with and replacing pearls and other costly diamond ornaments. DIAMANTE BRILLIANTS can be worn at all times, even by daylight, with confidence and absolute security. They possess the penetrating brilliancy and lustre peculiar to real diamonds, and the concessionaires guarantee the surprise and pleasure of purchasers. The perfection thus attained is the result of investigations and experiments extending over two generations. The cost, nevertheless, of the DIAMANTE BRILLIANTS is about 1-30th that of real diamonds.

They successfully fulfil all the purposes for which real diamonds (even of the best quality) are utilised, and what further can be desired?—*Times*, Jan. 8, 1880.

Price of Unmounted Stones:—  
200 size, 20 Shillings.  
100 " 15 " These diamonds cannot be obtained elsewhere at any price.  
50 " 10 "  
30 " 6 "

They are usually mounted in 18-carat gold. Designs and estimates for mounting submitted free of charge. The Diamonds will be forwarded packed in a box, registered by post, upon receipt of order and remittance. Remittances may be made by cheques, post office orders, postage stamps, or Cheque Bank cheques, direct to—

W. THORNHILL & CO.,  
Sole Agents for the United Kingdom, Gold and Silver-smiths, Jewellers, &c., to Her Majesty the Queen, their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the Royal Family, 144, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON. Post Office Orders payable in London. Cheques crossed "Sir S. Scott, Bart., and Co." ESTABLISHED 1734.  
Fully Illustrated Price List post free on application. In ordering please quote the name of this paper.

**CHAPMAN'S, NOTTING HILL,**  
W.



REGISTERED.

## WASHING DRESSES.

The numberless materials that are now classed under this heading, are so various in effect, use, and quality, that it is impossible to review them as a whole, and for the benefit of my patrons I shall classify them into three divisions—

### FIRSTLY !!!

The beautiful foreign Satens in Floral, Oriental, Medieval, and Arabesque designs. To attempt any verbal description of these artistic goods would be utterly useless. No words could convey the happy blendings of soft colours, the quaint designs of some patterns of the beautiful groups of flowers that look as if just cast upon the fabrics in others; while the closely covered conventional Indian and other Oriental fabrics, belong to another school of design that happens to be very popular just at present. All these beautiful fabrics, which are fast superseding expensive dresses for fêtes and evening wear, and many other occasions where satin or silk used to be considered *de rigueur*, are of the most inexpensive description, varying from 6½d. to 10½d. per yard. Plain French Satens to match, all shades kept in stock, 7½d. to 15. 2½d. per yard.

### SECONDLY !!!

There is an extensive variety in thicker cotton fabrics, of the Oatmeal Cloth type, but in new and improved makes, called DRESS SHEETINGS. Occasionally when mixed with silk, these goods are very handsome looking, and can be used for dress toilets with good effect. Then there are the cloths made from cotton waste, which are still popular, and many more that would come under this heading, but cannot be mentioned for want of space.

### THIRDLY !!!

There are the regular printed goods. These are very numerous, and represented by an immense variety of patterns. Petit Pois, Stripes, Flowered Checks, Sprays, Lines, and all sorts of devices. Good prints for servants in solid Lavenders, China Blues, &c., in endless variety. Also white materials, such as Yosemite, Linens, Muslinettes, Trillis Muslins, and hosts of others of every description.  
Prices from 4½d. to 15. 4½d. per yard.

## PATTERNS FREE.

**CHAPMAN'S, NOTTING HILL,**  
W.

**THE HOSPITAL for SICK CHILDREN,** 48 and 49, Great Ormond Street, W.C., and Cromwell House, Highgate.

**PATRON: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.**  
CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEE—LORD ABERDARE.  
The Committee earnestly APPEAL for FUNDS to enable them to proceed with the construction of the South Wing of the new Hospital, which will afford accommodation for 80 additional patients, making a total of 200 beds for in-patients.  
Contributions thankfully received by the Treasurer, H. S. Thornton, Esq., 20, Birch Lane, or by the Secretary, at the Hospital, 49, Great Ormond Street, W.C., and by the Bankers, Messrs. Williams, Deacon, and Co., Messrs. Herries, Farquhar, and Co., and Messrs. Hoare.  
SAMUEL WHITFORD, Secretary.

**DISTRESS IN IRELAND.**—BEAUTIFUL LACE copied from the Antique, Spanish, Greek, Italian, &c., the work of the poor, for mantle borders, tea cloths, ladies' and children's wear, plaistons, parasols, &c. Send for patterns to Madame CHARLES, Post Office, Rathdrum, Co. Wicklow.

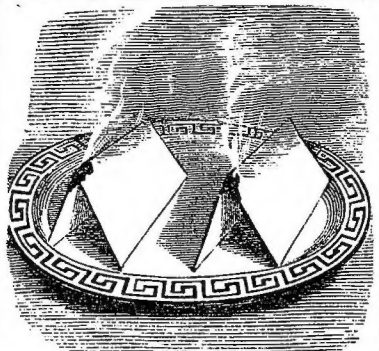
MISS BRADDON'S LATEST NOVEL.  
New Edition, price 6s., uniform with "Just As I Am."  
**ASPHODEL. The Latest Novel.**  
By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Vixen," &c.  
London: J. and R. MAXWELL, Milton House, Shoe Lane, E.C.

**FOR ARMS and CREST send**  
Name and County to T. MORING, Inns of Court Heraldic Offices, 323, High Holborn, W.C. Plain Sketch, 2s. 6d.; Coloured, 7s. 6d. Seals, Dies, and Diplomas. Illustrated Price Lists post free.



**THE LONG TRYING WINTER,**  
necessitating large fires, and living in a hot, dry atmosphere, has been without effect upon the hair of most people, who will do well to use ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL during the Spring months if they desire the usual Spring growth of chevelure. Sold everywhere.

**SPRING.—Cutaneous visitations**  
now prevail, and render "ROWLAND'S KALYDOR" for the complexion and skin of peculiar value and importance. This unique botanical preparation allays all irritation and tenderness of the skin, removes cutaneous disfigurements, freckles, and tan, and imparts a healthful and blooming appearance to the complexion, and a delicacy and softness to the neck, hands, and arms. Sold in two sizes by Chemists.



**OZONE PAPER, for the Immediate**  
Relief and Subsequent Cure of ASTHMA, CHRONIC BRONCHITIS, HAY FEVER, and INFLUENZA.

DIRECTIONS.—Fold and place one or two pieces of paper on a dish and light the top as illustrated; a dense fume will then arise and gradually fill the room, and after inhaling for a few minutes, the air tubes will be cleared of mucus, difficult respiration will cease, and the patient will fall into a sound and refreshing sleep. The outer air must be excluded by keeping the windows, doors, and chimney closed. The paper may be burnt in the day as well as at night if necessary. Price 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. per box. The 4s. 6d. size contains twice the quantity of the 2s. 9d. Of all Chemists, or from the Proprietor for 33 and 54 stamps. This remedy is advertised in the *Lancet* and *British Medical Journal*. It is therefore known to members of the Medical Profession, by whom it is recommended.

**OZONE CIGARETTES.**—These are made of porous paper saturated with the same Chemical Solution as the Ozone Paper, and are intended for use when the burning of the Paper is inconvenient. 2s. 6d. per box, by post for 30 stamps.  
Dr. Thorowgood, Physician to the City of London Hospital for Diseases of the Chest, in his "Notes on Asthma," page 62, says:—"The Ozone Paper prepared by Mr. Huggins contains nitrate of potash, chlorate of potash, and iodide of potassium, and of its efficacy I have had abundant evidence."  
Prepared by R. HUGGINS, Chemist, 199, Strand, London.

**SPRING SPECIALITY.**  
**MAN-O'-WAR COSTUME, 23s.**  
COMPLETE WITH CAP.  
Sent to any part against remittance.  
Height of Boy and Size of Head required.



**MAN-O'-WAR COSTUME, 23s.**  
FOR BOYS FROM 3 TO 12 YEARS.  
Comprises: Blue Serge Blouse, all wool and indigo dye, with extra blue linen collar, regulation scarlet stripe and superior gold badge on arms; lined trousers, white serge singlet, black silk kerchief, lanyard and whistle, and cap lettered "Sunbeam," "H.M.S. Pinafore," or "H.M.S. Pinafore." The costume in white drill with straw hat as above at same price. The costume and cap with knickerbockers (instead of long trousers), in either serge or drill, is 20s. The only measurements required are size round head and height of boy from top of head to heel; on receipt of these, with P.O.O. or draft, the goods will at once be sent to any part.

**A. LYNES and SON,**  
JUVENILE OUTFITTERS  
By Special Appointment,  
KENSINGTON HOUSE, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON.

**CIGARS DE JOY**



**OF ASTHMA, COUGH, BRONCHITIS, HAY-FEVER AND SHORTNESS OF BREATH.**

One of these Cigarettes gives IMMEDIATE RELIEF in the worst attack of ASTHMA, HAY-FEVER, CHRONIC BRONCHITIS, INFLUENZA, COUGH, and SHORTNESS OF BREATH, and their daily use effects a COMPLETE CURE. The contraction of the air tubes, which causes tightness of chest and difficulty of breathing, is at once lessened by inhaling the medicated smoke of the Cigarette, a free expectoration ensues, and the breathing organs resume their natural action. Persons who suffer at night with COUGHING, PHLEGM, and SHORT BREATH, find them invaluable, as they instantly check the spasms, promote sleep, and allow the patient to pass a good night.  
These Cigarettes, invented by Mons. Joy, have been successfully tested and recommended by the Medical Profession for many years. They are perfectly harmless, and can be smoked by ladies, children, and the most delicate patients, as they are pleasant to use, and contain no substance capable of deranging the system.  
Price 2s. 6d. per box of 35, and may be obtained of all Chemists, or post free from WILCOX & CO., 336, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, on receipt of Stamps or P.O.O. NONE GENUINE UNLESS SIGNED ON BOX, E. W. WILCOX.

**BRANDED SILKS.**  
The "LOCOMOTIVE" Quality,  
23 inches wide, 3s. 11d. per yard.  
The "OBELISK" Quality,  
21 inches wide, 5s. 9d. per yard.  
Every Lady before purchasing Black Silks should see patterns of these standard makes.  
Patterns and Parcels Carriage Paid.  
T. VENABLES & SONS, Whitechapel, London, E.

**BUY YOUR BAROMETERS OF THE ACTUAL MAKERS.**  
DARTON'S GUINEA ANEROID and THERMOMETER, with Enamelled Dial, 5 inches in diameter, an accurate and sensitive instrument. Carved Oak Stand for ditto, 10s. 6d.  
DARTON'S NEW COMBINED CLOCK BAROMETER, with thermometer. Size of frame, 30 in. by 15. Clock has jewelled 8-day movement, and will go in any position. Aneroid is of the best finish, and will be tested if required before the customer. Price 63s.  
New Illustrated Price List of different designs post free on application.  
NEW IMPROVED PATENT FITZROY BAROMETER in Carved Oak or Walnut Frame, and illuminated scale, large tube, storm and thermometer, £2 2s.  
All instruments guaranteed.  
F. DARTON and CO., 45, St. John Street, E.C.  
Any of these sent safely packed on receipt of P.O.O. for the amount.

**ESTABLISHMENT FOR YOUNG LADIES,**  
5, ST. JOHN'S TERRACE, WEYMOUTH.  
Principals, THE MISSES BEAKE.  
Educational advantages and domestic comfort. Special care taken of Delicate Girls. Terms on application.

**ESTABLISHMENT FOR YOUNG LADIES,**  
LADIES, South Cary House, Castle Cary, Bath. Principals, THE MISSES BEAKE. Assisted by English and French Governesses. Educational advantages, with home comforts. Prospectuses on application. Inclusive terms, forty guineas per annum.



**SWEET SCENTS.—PIESSE & LUBIN.**

FRANGIPANNI, Magnolia, Patchouly, Geranium, Ever-sweet, Opoponax, New-mown Hay, Ylang-Ylang, White Rose, Lign-Aloe, and 1,000 others from every flower that breathes a fragrance, 2s. 6d. each, or three bottles in a case, 7s.—Sold by the fashionable Druggists and Perfumers in all parts of the world.—MANUFACTURED ONLY BY THE UNDERSIGNED.

**Piesse & Lubin**  
TRADE MARK:—MUSK DEER.  
LABORATORY OF FLOWERS, 2, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON.



**CHRISTENING ROBES AND CLOAKS,** 2, 3, 4, and 5 Guineas.  
HATS and BUCKLES, 2s., 2s. 6d., and 3s. 6d.  
Mrs. ADDLEY BOURNE, LADIES' OUTFITTER, 37, PICCADILLY.

**GENTLEMEN'S own TOBACCO**  
made up into Cigarettes—medium size, 1s. per 100; large size, 1s. 6d. per 100, or inclusive of Tobacco. THE IMPERIAL CIGARETTE, per 100, 4s. 6d. and 5s.  
THE PARISIAN CIGARETTE, per 100, 5s. and 6s. 6d.  
THE GOLETTA CIGARETTE, per 100, 6s. and 6s. 6d.  
All orders must be prepaid.—H. L. BARNARD, Chapman's Library, Abbey Road, St. John's Wood.

**VALUABLE FAMILY LACE.**—Real lace properly attended to should last for centuries. Ladies visiting Paris should confide their lace to Madame VALERIE CARTER, 15 Rue Bleue (next door to the Paris office of THE GRAPHIC). Workrooms insured. Highest references.

**PHOTOGRAPHS well-coloured**  
(face only) for 2s.  
Mrs. AGNES RUSSELL, 1, Upham Park Road, Turnham Green, London, W.

**SAMUEL BROTHERS,**  
MERCHANT TAILORS,  
BOYS' OUTFITTERS, &c.  
65 & 67, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C.  
**"WEAR RESISTING"**  
FABRICS (REGD.) for  
GENTLEMEN'S, YOUTHS',  
AND  
BOYS' CLOTHING.  
GENTLEMEN'S MORNING OR TRAVELLING SUITS.  
B CLASS. 42s. C CLASS. 50s.  
A vast assortment ready for immediate use, or mail to measure.  
BOYS' OVERCOATS, 10s. 6d. to 42s.  
BOYS' SUITS, 10s. 6d. to 39s.  
Prices varying according to size.

**SWEET SCENTS.—PIESSE & LUBIN.**

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Purchasing Agents wanted. Special terms to the Trade.



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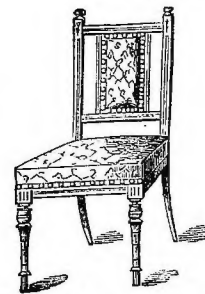
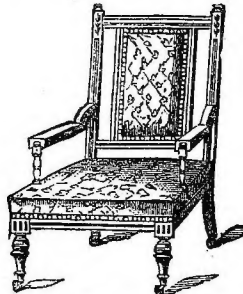
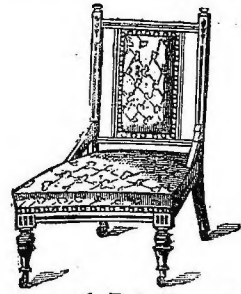
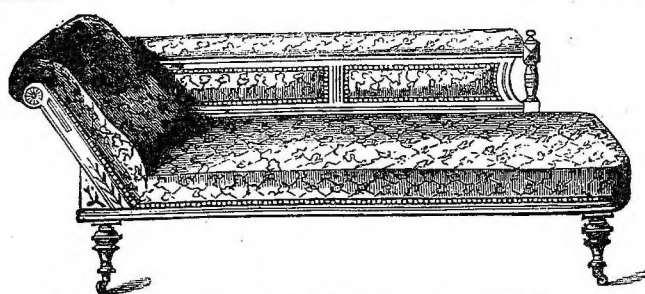
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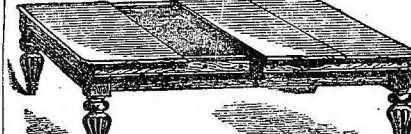
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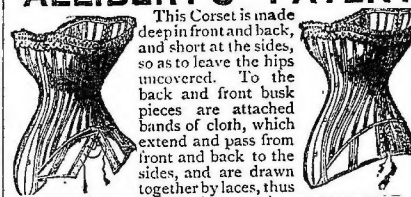
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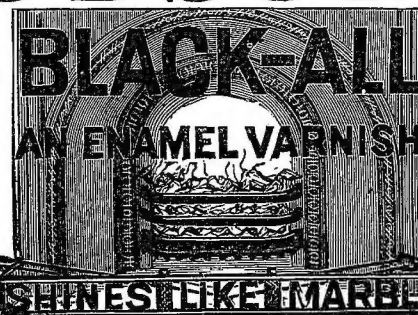


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deep in front and back,  
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pieces are attached  
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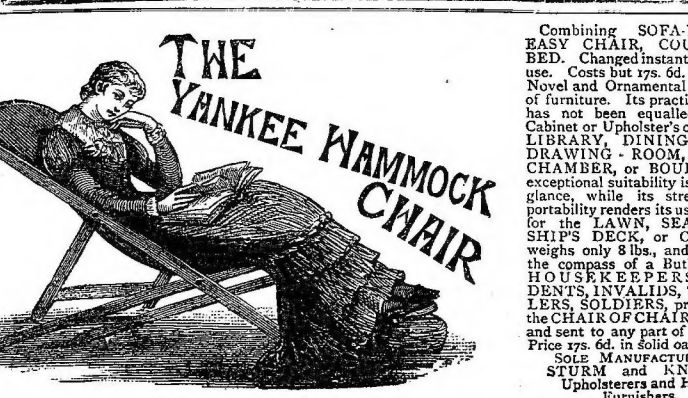
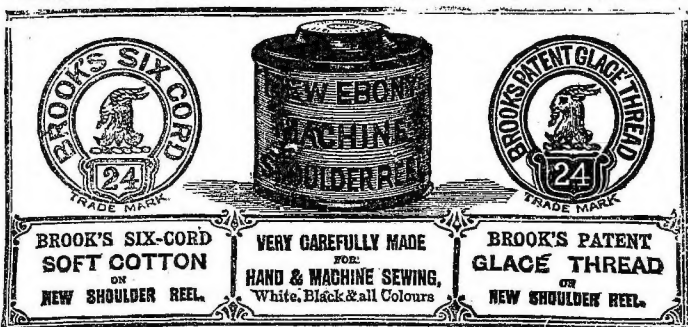
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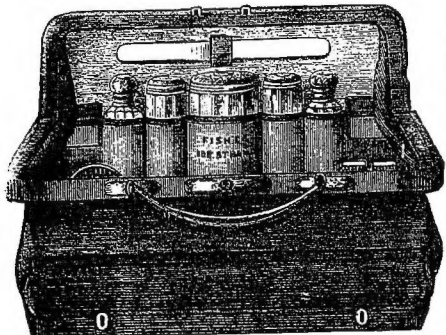


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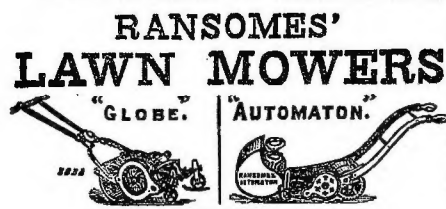
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